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Sunday, Feb. 13, 1938

Awful Week-ends

By the Brilliant Satirist FISH

The Simple Life Week-end

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Circus Clown A Girl Who Led A Gang Of Forgers

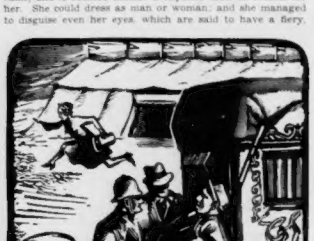
IN a traveling circus outside London, children were laughing and clapping their hands with delight at the funny-faced clown who was tumbling in the sawdust for their benefit. The brass band blared a rousing march and the droll comedian went off with the rest of them, blowing kisses as he backed out of the big tent.

The children were sorry to see the clown go, but the circus people were surprised, because he was scheduled to go into a feature solo on the trapeze, and climax the act by taking off the mask and revealing that it was a woman. Billed as "La Belle Paula," she was one of the leading attractions of the show. But no matter what happens, circus people don't let on and see to it that the show goes on, and so the next act was quickly begun. Meanwhile, where was Paula?

By the time the manager got to her tent to find out what was wrong, she was gone. He was even more astonished to find himself a moment later being questioned by Scotland Yard operatives who watched the show for professional reasons. They said they were looking for a girl clown who, they understood, was with the show. The manager told them he was looking for her himself, and asked what it was all about. "Forget it," he was told; "it's nothing important." Actually, the woman in charge of an international gang of forgers and thieves had again given the police the slip.

But the relentless net was tightening in on her. And the other day she was arrested in Paris. At the same time 30 members of her "organization" were jailed in different parts of France and in the Free City of Danzig. The police knew that some day she would make a blunder; but curiously enough it was an error that always existed which finally undid her.

Knowing that she might have returned to Paris, her base of operations, the detectives put men on railroads disguised as porters and conductors, and had others watching at the railroad stations. Famed as a woman of a hundred disguises, she might turn up in almost any kind of costume, and it seemed almost a hopeless task to search for her. She could dress as man or woman, and she managed to disguise even her eyes, which are said to have a fiery,



The Scotland Yard Operatives Told the Circus Manager They Were Looking for His Girl Clown, but That Shrewd Master-Mind of an International Ring of Criminals Had Again Slipped Away.

hypnotic force. In fact, members of the Paris underworld have described her as "a person who seemed to exercise a kind of hypnotic power over the many international crooks whom she gathered round her." Yet even these eyes she was able to glaze or deaden so that they had no lustre and made her look stupid and vague.

She was empty-eyed when at last she entered a train going to Paris. Dressed like an old farm woman carrying eggs and cheese, she handed over her passport to the English authorities on a trip from Folkestone to Boulogne soon after her escape from the circus. It was a Danish passport, but the conductor happened to be a detective more clever than most.

It is a first rule for Scotland Yard men that their experience should be wide and thorough. This man happened to have studied typography and so he was able to note a slight and almost imperceptible difference in the type used to print the passport. He knew at once that it was a fake, but did not let on. But the beautiful Polish woman with the sharp eyes knew that he knew. By the time the train stopped at the next town and the detective tried to make his arrest, he found that she had jumped from the moving train and was gone.

Scotland Yard at once wired the Surete Nationale, which is to the French what the "Yard" is to the British. Meanwhile other agencies were hard at work. By the time that "La Belle Paula," whose full name is Paula Kanatoriwiz, was arrested, her underlings were already in jail, including the circus worker who had tipped her off that flatfeet were in the tent looking for her.

Among the 22 persons arrested in France are Italians, Germans, Dutchmen and Algerians. At the home of her favorite crony, "Charles the Lieutenant," false passports, identity cards, military service documents and embassy stamps and copies of signatures of hundreds of officials were found. It was all systematic, and filing indexes provided whatever was wanted in the way of passports or signatures, according to the nation desired. In a safe were nearly $50,000 worth of fake French Treasury notes.

The passport trade of the gang was not just for its own members; it was a paying sideline. Danish passports, sold to emigrants for the most part, fetched from $25 to $600 each. It's alleged that many were sold in England.

The smartly dressed and dark haired woman is said to have had her finger in other criminal pies as well. For example, she took active part in jewel-thieving, it is asserted. Her men would smash shop windows, reach in and grab a handful, and run. For a long time it was supposed that these "smash and grab" thieves were free lance, non-professional men who were down and out and thought to work up the price of a meal in this crude fashion. But the capture of "La Belle Paula's" ring indicates that even this elementary form of crime paid big dividends and was monopolized by one person.

According to one witness, "she gave orders in crisp, sharp tones. She would never joke with anyone. And all those who worked under her were extremely loyal to her."

When she was trapped at her luxury flat in Paris, and identified by means of the detective conductor, she made no resistence. She said that the man who deserved all the credit was the one who was able to recognize her forged passports, "the best in Europe," as she boasted.

Can Parents Sue If Sons Sent To College Don't Pay Back?

THE case of Mr. and Mrs. John Driscoll versus their son, John, Jr., in a bizarre San Francisco court flight recently set a new precedent in family relations. The parents had mortgaged five pieces of property and tapped their savings to send their boy through college. When he failed to pay all of it back, though alleged to be earning about $500 a month as a doctor, his father and mother sued him for $8,117.13, which they said represented the balance of what they had invested for his education.

Of course, it's no novelty for parents to devote their life savings to providing a child the opportunities in life that his elders never had, with education. But usually the head of a family considers no other reward than to know a son or daughter is safely launched on a career. Should cash returns be expected and not materialize, there may perhaps be some disappointment. Seldom, if ever, have lawsuits resulted as in the case of the Driscolls.

Many a court battle has hinged on the contents of a love diary, but in the case of the Driscolls the primary exhibit turned out to be a ledger. It was full of figures, naturally, yet it made unusual reading and proved to be a human document.

In detail it itemized every bit of money the parents had spent on the son. Whenever he wrote home for money, he told exactly what he needed it for, and so it went down into the gray-covered record—so much for meals, text books, a microscope, a present for a girl friend, clothing, tickets for a dance.

It all brought back vividly the memory of an agreement made ten years ago, when John A. Driscoll, Jr., was graduated from high school at the age of 20. His father, who then operated a butcher shop, said that he couldn't afford to send the lad to college.

"You'll have to go to work," he said, regretfully. The boy got a job putting caps on bottles of soda pop. But he was not happy there. In a few weeks he put a proposition before his father. "Dad," he said in substance, "I want to be a professional man. A doctor. You know I've always wanted to study medicine, and I'm sure I can make good."

This was something of a family bomb-shell. "But we can't afford it," was, in effect, the answer—"We had to pinch ourselves to put you through high school, and we expect you to earn your own way now."

John was downcast. It wasn't as if he could work his way through college. He knew that the study of medicine would require all his time. Besides, he couldn't very well earn all the money that was needed.

John pointed out that when he became a physician and could earn enough, he would pay back every cent. That sounded fair enough all around, and the upshot was a strange agreement—a verbal contract—what lawyers call an "as, if, and when agreement." The Driscolls mortgaged property to give John his chance, on condition that he'd pay them back.

As a result of that round-table conference, he did go to college—the parents kept their word.

He studied at the University of San Francisco for two years, and at Stanford for two more. He lived frugally, and studied hard. His mother gave him a little spending money, bought him clothes. Then, in 1930, he went to Creighton University, in Omaha. His parents bought his railroad ticket for him, sent him money for the expenses he wrote them about. On being graduated from Creighton in 1934,

Many Proud Parents Have Watched Their Sons in Cap and Gown Being Graduated from College, and Have Wondered if They Would Share in the Benefits of an Education Which Their Sacrifices Made Possible.

he began two years as an interne. He had to buy white uniforms and other clothes. His parents still footed the bills, according to the ledger.

During vacations, John had worked occasionally—sometimes for the bottling works and at others for an emergency hospital service. He turned over his meagre salary checks to his parents.

Then he became a full-fledged physician. On the staff of San Francisco's emergency hospital service, he earned $200 a month. Private practise brought an added income, and within a year he was earning approximately $500 a month, according to the parents.

Last year he married, and made a home for himself.

His parents thought it was about time he paid them back, according to his agreement. John said he was willing to pay, he never said he didn't owe the money. He merely pleaded that he wasn't able to pay it at the moment. They argued.

Last August Dr. Driscoll was surprised when a process-server summoned him to court—his mother and father were suing him for what they said was due them. The case came to trial just before Christmas.

The attorney for the young doctor pleaded that the debt had been outlawed by the fact that a debt not paid in four years after it is contracted is no longer alive. But Attorney Roy Rogers, representing the parents, argued that the statute does not apply to "as, if, and when" agreements until a demand is made.

"Isn't it true," the doctor's attorney shot at Mrs. Driscoll after she took the stand, "that all this trouble has resulted because your son didn't marry the girl of your choosing?"

"No," she replied firmly.

The parents asserted that of $8,852.01 spent on him in the past ten years, John had paid back $734.88 from his earnings until 1935, at which time, they said, he ceased payments.

The attorney for Dr. Driscoll questioned the exactness of the claim. Triumphantly, Mrs. Driscoll produced the little ledger and began reading. For an hour she read, item by item.

She had kept books on every penny spent on John. Intimate financial details were laid bare. John's first automobile, in 1932, had cost $115; a wedding gift to a friend in 1934 cost $6. A Phi Chi dance in 1931, $7.50; a watch repair, $1.75; a necklace, apparently for his girl, $1.25; socks, $.80; snapshots, $.48; material for smocks, $1.87; dental work, $9; "cash and milk," $2.65, and so on.

From the time he became an interne, John Jr. apparently had taken heavily to cigarette smoking, for they were bought by the carton, four or five a month, at $1.20 a piece.

After the noon recess, Judge Pat R. Parker, from Inone County, called the three Driscolls and the two attorneys into his chambers. "This should never have been brought into court," he told them. "It would be unfortunate to continue the trial. This thing may lead to a permanent estrangement. The relationship of a son to his parents is one of the most precious things in life. Can't we come to some compromise?"

They did. Dr. Driscoll agreed to take over a $1,500 mortgage and to pay $2,500 in installments of $40 a month.

The doctor kissed his mother and shook hands with his father under the benign eye of the judge.

Trapped By Death In His "House Of Horrors"

FOR years Littleton W. Walker was the subject of speculation in the neighborhood of Fairfax Heights, outside of Washington D. C. His past was as vague and fantastic as his house which was locked from the public. A stone fence, eight feet high and topped with barbed wire, kept strangers at a distance.

But that wasn't enough for the eccentric hermit. The house itself, which Walker built 20 years ago, stood like a fortress against intruders. Sometimes called the "house of horrors," it was said to have been the dream castle he built for a woman—and when she left him, he retired into it, in solitude, and the unfinished refuge became a monument to tragic love.

Since the facts about Walker were obscured, the legends about him grew as abundantly as the vine leaves that covered his brick house. Some said he was a strong man who used to thrill circus crowds with his mighty feats. Others said it was not so; that he was an inventor and an architect.

There was still another belief that he was wealthy but put aside his riches for learning—that he pored all night over scientific books. People said there was no furniture in his dwelling, that he ate meat and vegetables raw, that there were archives with strange secrets hidden in the house of mystery, and that a maze of corridors led from the door up to the narrow cupola where he slept.

Now he is dead. The astonishing thing about the 82-year-old man, whose house seems to have come out of a story by Edgar Allan Poe, is that so much of what people said about him was true or at least had some basis in fact. As a strong man, he traveled all over the country. As a carpenter and engineer he helped build naval observatory structures, as an inventor he built his ingenious house. There was no furniture in his house; not even a stove. He was once seen eating "a pork chop like an apple," raw. A wrestler and agile jiu-jitsu expert in his youth, he was well-known in the world of sports 30 years ago.

The fact of Walker's death was not at once known, but a grocer who delivered food recently got no answer, even after he climbed the padlocked gate and pounded on the door. The shades were down, as always. Once the door was battered down, after the police were notified, it was found that the house itself was even more fabulous than anyone had suspected.

A grown person could not move from one room and corridor to another except on hands and knees. It was necessary to crawl through the tiny holes in the walls near the floor to get through. The rooms were musty and icy cold, for there was no heating plant in the house.

Finally, when the maze of passageways was traversed, the police found Walker in a glass-faced coffin in his cupola room. It had been his bed for years, and seems to have been his fondest invention. It was six feet long and nearly as high, but only 18 inches wide. At one end was a glass door, and an air vent opened on one side. Walker apparently always crawled in feet first and pulled the glass door shut behind him. Perhaps it was of glass so that he could see if anyone was coming.

The dead man, transferred to a conventional coffin, had to be lowered down the outside wall of the house. The crooked cave-like tunnels and doorways were too small.

Apparently he'd built them that way to protect himself against intruders. The irony is that he had neither friends nor enemies.

As the tragedy of his death is reconstructed, the very things he used to shield himself served to imprison him in his living tomb when he became ill.

The ex-strong man, at the end only a thin husk, was too weak to struggle out of his glass-headed coffin, much less get through the intricate maze of passageways to the barbed stone walls that hemmed him in as efficiently as they kept out helpful outsiders.

He died a prisoner in the "house of horrors" he built for himself.

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Poison Gives Dogs A Dual Personality

AN ELIXIR that will give two lives in place of one is the latest possibility raised by the untiring search of science for an answer to the secret of personality, which the ancient Greeks called the "soul" or "spirit" of man. Curiously enough, this meddling with the mind is done with a deadly poison.

South American Indians, who traditionally brewed the secret poison called curare to dip their arrows in, used it to destroy life. Now science puts it to an opposite use, making the violent bark juice split the personality more neatly than an axe could, but with less damage and only temporary effect. Instead of ending all life, curare now makes it possible to live more than one life.

As a result of important experiments being carried out by Dr. E. A. Culler of the Psychology department at the University of Illinois, the strange potion, carefully administered, can make a dog forget all he has ever learned and teach him new tricks.

Brought back to normal, he will not remember this "foreign" education, yet put back under the influence of the curare, he will again remember the tricks he learned while in its power.

It is, in short, a remarkable analogy to Stevenson's famous fantasy about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, in which the one personality had no control over the other. Some persons are already fearful that curare will be applied, or misapplied, by men on themselves, even though the medical profession now frowns on its use for human beings.

Whatever the final use of the personality serum may be, it's agreed that mental sickness may be cured by it if it so ungrringly can get the kernal of the mind. There is, too, among a thousand other possibilities, a chance that a nation of people could be made to work under one personality and then switch over to the other for pleasure. In that way neither state of mind would be troubled by a consciousness of the other. When working, a man would not know of the existence of play and so could not dream of escaping his tasks. And when enjoying himself, he would not be harassed by responsibilities or the thought of impending work. Such robot living might seem repugnant to anybody who doesn't have two distinct and exclusive personalities, but to those living that way it might seem ideal.

Under the Strange Poison's Power, a Dog's Other Personality Takes Charge. Used to Raising His Paw When a Bell Sounds, He Forgets It Then, and Learns New Habits.

Even the improbability of such speculations do not discredit the importance of the curare experiments. The "dual personality" of a dog is, by means of it, able to be manipulated at will. Under curare, a dog literally doesn't let his right paw know what his left is doing.

An arrow dipped in curare kills prey by asphyxiating it, that is, by suffocation. In the Culler experiments, artificial respiration is supplied, and so the dog is not harmed.

The antidote for the poison, strangly enough, is itself a poison—strychnine, which stimulates the dominant personality into taking charge of the senses again even though the curare subdued it.

In the brain there are two "houses," the outer layer being the cortex "house," and inside it the sub-cortex "house." If the outer house is injured, so that a person is unconscious, life still goes on because the inner mental house supports it and continues to control breathing, heart action, and so on.

But Dr. Culler has found out that the habits of one house can go on without the other one even knowing of their existence, in some dogs at least.

He built a cradle in which the dog was placed and trained to raise the right hind paw to avoid a slight, harmless shock administered at the moment a bell was rung. After awhile, the dog, hearing the bell, lifted his right paw automatically to avoid the shock. This became such a habit that at last, hearing the bell, he'd lift the paw even when there was no shock.

This is a well known principle to science, being the "conditioned reflex" discovered by the late Russian scientist Pavlov in his historic dog experiments.

When Dr. Culler injected the curare serum into the dog's legs, the dog forgot all about the habit of lifting his leg at the sound of a bell. Given shocks in the left leg instead, the dog soon automatically lifted that one at the sound of the bell.

Brought back to his dominant or normal self, the dog forgot that habit and went back to the old one of withdrawing the right-leg when the bell rang.

The fact that habit was formed under the curare dose showed that even when the cortex is asleep, memory can operate—and this must take place in the "other house" of the dog's brain, Dr. Culler concluded. In this way the two states, or "personalities," of the dog were shown to exist.

This reversal of action under different conditions by training indicates to Dr. Culler that the actual point of splitting of the personality may be found. But he does not make any hasty conclusions.

"What relation this has to dual personality in man is, of course, an open question," he confesses. "It seems plausible that, in man, the personality may split along a different plane than in these experimental animals; and probably not along the same plane in all cases. In any event," he concludes, "these dogs manifest certain marked symptoms of personality-cleavage under curare. The relation of this phenomenon to other cases must await further investigation."

Science hopes that with the clue provided by Dr. Culler's dog experiments some of the secrets of man's "dual personality" may soon be bared.

The Aztecs' Holy Bird of Cruelest Rites Tamed at Last

An Explorer Finds a Way to Domesticate the Shy and Beautiful Quetzal, Whose Yard-Long Plumes Bedecked the Baby Victims of Dreadful Sacrifices and Helped Destroy Montezuma's Empire 400 Years Ago

A Photograph of the Male Quetzal Bird—Its Body About as Big as a Dove but With Tail Plumes a Yard or More Long.

THE quetzal, gorgeously plumaged, long-tailed sacred bird of the ancient Aztecs and Mayans of Central America, has been domesticated at last and is being reared in the Bronx Zoo, New York City, and in London's Regent Park.

Thus ends a mistaken tradition, unbroken for more than four hundred years—since the day Montezuma was killed while captive of Cortez, the Spanish conquistador—that the holy bird would not live twenty-four hours in captivity.

And it certainly would not, until Dr. Wolfgang von Hagen recently led an expedition of the Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation, New York, into the unexplored rain forests of Honduras and found out why.

One of the most shy and beautiful of birds, the quetzal was for centuries an essential part of some of the cruelest rites and sacrifices the world has ever known. And probably no creature was ever so closely bound up with the rise and fall of a powerful nation than it was.

The quetzal was the symbol of the Aztecs' greatest god, Quetzalcoatl. His name is a combination of "quetzal" and "coatl" meaning serpent, and the use of the word "quetzal" instead of the ordinary one for bird, gives the name the literal meaning of "Holy Feathered Serpent."

Quetzalcoatl was in all probability a real human being who from 2,000 to 5,000 years ago came from no one knows where, found the Mayans, then the dominant race in Central America, lived with them for a time, taught them many arts of civilization, was believed to be a god and, after he disappeared, was enshrined as one.

The Mayans called him Kukulkan, which also means "feathered serpent," and made him the leader of their pantheon—something like the Jupiter of the Greeks. Like Jupiter, he controlled the thunder and lightning, was ruler of the air and had, besides, a number of other powers. It was centuries later that the Aztecs of Mexico, becoming dominant, took Kukulkan and named him Quetzalcoatl, which, in their tongue, also meant "Feathered Serpent." But even in most ancient Mayan times, the quetzal bird seems to have been sacred to him.

Quetzalcoatl was always depicted as a white man. He was benign and tried to do away with human sacrifice and preached peace—quite unsuccessfully, it would appear.

According to the Aztec legend Quetzalcoatl one day announced that he was returning home, got into his boat, which was made of serpents' skins, and needed no sails to make it move, and departed. But before going he promised that he would return sometime in the future with his sons.

The Central American peoples went on with their dreadful human sacrifices and their constant warfare, all against this messiah's commands, precisely . . . most of the Christian world has done for almost two millenniums despite another Messiah's teachings. But they made the bird, whose plumes Quetzalcoatl had worn and were his symbol, even more sacred than before, with a death sentence to any one who killed one—except when the priests of Quetzalcoatl, at a certain festival, sacrificed some of the birds to him.

The gorgeous tail plumes, sometimes more than a yard long, could be plucked without injuring the bird; in fact, it seemed to be somewhat better off without the encumbrance until it grew another set. Only kings and the priests of Quetzalcoatl and the more exalted nobility were allowed to wear them, with one exception, and the colors, fadeless as gold, were woven into royal robes, tapestries and even used for mosaics.

The exception applied to the victims of certain sacrifices carried out in the debased worship of the god and these sacrifices grew more and more cruel until the Spaniards' conquest of Mexico put an end to them.

Of these sacrifices the most wicked was that in which once a year, hundreds of babies in the cities of the Aztecs were slaughtered by being hurled into sacred pools or against rocks. A description of one of these sacrifices has come down through the centuries. It took place during the "Month of Diminishing Waters," some time after the rainy season had ended.

Ancient Drawing of a Cruel Aztec Sacrifice—One Victim Having His Heart Torn Out While the Body of Another Rolls Down the Steps to Be Cut Up and Eaten by the Worshippers.

The Aztec Sacrifice of the Babies—Carried on Litters, Bedecked With Gems and Golden Ornaments and the Sacred Quetzal Plumes, Their Faces Grotesquely Painted, the Little Ones Were Carried to the Sacred Places and There Dashed Against Rocks or Hurled Into the Water—and It Was the Best of Omens If They Laughed at Death's Threshold.

Only babies up to the nursing limit of two years and who had two curls upon their little heads, were acceptable. Usually mothers of the babies with "the lucky curl sign" offered them free; but more often still the little ones were taken by the priests of Quetzalcoatl through coercion or force. Sometimes they were bought. The powerful incentive for the parents in offering the children was the belief that their souls were supposed to go straight to the sun and much luck would then come to the family.

After elaborate rites of purification, the babies were placed on litters, each carried by two priests. The babies, the litters and the priests themselves were adorned with sprays of the quetzal plumes and jewels. The little sacrifices were dressed in rich mantles made of the quetzal plumes, and golden sandals, and attached to their shoulders were gaily colored wings made of a kind of paper beaten out of pith.

Upon each baby's cheek was painted a round white spot. A great number of priests accompanied these processions to the appointed places of sacrifice, while flutes, trumpets and drums sounded weird music, and great masses of people, in the forefront of whom were the "honored" parents of the victims, looked on.

Some babies cried, and some no doubt laughed and cooed at all the excitement. It was considered the best of omens if, after the priest had raised a little victim high up over his head preparatory to dashing it down to death, the baby was still laughing.

There was a certain whirlpool in the Lake of Mexico, then surrounding what is now Mexico City, which was the place of sacrifice there. But in other parts, in the mountainous regions, the children were dashed against the rocks and, as in Chichen-Itza, in Yucatan, they were hurled down into a sacred pool or cenote. The one at Chichen-Itza was about 150 feet in diameter and 150 feet deep. Into this particular pool were also hurled the bodies of maidens and captive warriors. Not long ago a partial dredging resulted in the recovery of gold worth in bullion value about $5,000,000. As most of this formed part of the decoration of human sacrifices, some idea of the number hurled into the pool can be vaguely surmised.

The bodies of the mountain babies were brought back and eaten by the priests and other high dignitaries as part of the rites. The bodies which did not sink, but floated upon the surface of the waters, were recovered and similarly disposed of.

So implicitly did everyone believe in the second coming of Quetzalcoatl that in 1518 when Hernando Cortez landed, it was thought he must be the white-faced god returning.

Another Old Print of the Sacrifice of the Sacred Quetzals to Quetzalcoatl—At Right a Priest With Plumes He Has Plucked and, Before the Altar-Throne, the Burning Bodies of the Birds.

Painting from an Aztec Book Showing a Priest or King Wearing the Sacred Quetzal Plumes.

By that time the outstanding military power of Central America was that of the Aztecs, under the mighty Montezuma II who became so benumbed with superstitious fear that instead of discouraging the strangers by driving them into the sea, as he might have done at the start, he vacillated. The Emperor kept on temporizing until the Spaniards had occupied Mexico City and finally made Montezuma prisoner.

Montezuma's judgment was confused by many signs and portents. It is related that there were strange fires in the sky, the lake in which the city stood was shaken, probably by an earthquake. But worst of all, the quetzal birds in the Imperial Zoo at Chapultepec vanished!

From what is known of the quetzal today, they must have been confined in enormous cages. If so, one may suspect that this particular portent was performed by the hand of man. Some agent of the Spaniards probably entered the cages and either let the birds escape at night or destroyed them, as a final shock to the worried Montezuma.

At any rate, the news that the sacred birds had flown the coop, presumably to join their divine master, must have been the most alarming portent of all.

It was one of those fatal times when all signs seem to conspire to deceive a harassed people. Besides being whitefaced, the strangers were encased in armor that turned aside the native's wooden sword as well as his flint-tipped arrow and shattered his spear, headed with volcanic glass.

Still more awe-inspiring was the foreigners' artillery, speaking with the voice of thunder. Quetzalcoatl had become the cloud-pusher, the god of storms which came from the same rain forests where his sacred bird lived. The roar of the guns was surely the same voice they heard from the clouds.

But if Montezuma could raise quetzals why couldn't others do it today? The easy answer was that perhaps he didn't, either; but the real reasons were two. The handsomest bird in the world insists on hiding itself in about the world's most inaccessible and uncomfortable spot, the rain forests of Honduras and Guatemala. Whenever a hut is built in or near any part of the rain forest all the quetzals quit the vicinity.

The other reason is that the quetzal is a tree bird, with weak legs and so timid about the ground that it never forages there. If caught by bird lime spread on branches and placed in a cage, it apparently soon dies from fright. But Dr. Von Hagen found that if taken while still a nestling, the bird is not so cagesshy, and therefore two are now thriving in New York and half a dozen in London.

Outshining the bird of paradise, the quetzal is adorned with a crest of deep green and outer wings aglitter with iridescent feathers of various shades, running all the way from turquoise to bronze. The under side of the wings flash like emeralds and the breast is a brilliant vermillion that gleams like a jewel.

That is enough to make the quetzal one of the showiest creatures on earth, but it is nothing compared with the glory of its tail, six feathers, two of them a yard or more long, which undulate behind the bird like a trail of green fire, shot with flames of other colors. Usually female birds are rather drab in color but, in this case, perhaps so she won't have an inferiority complex, Nature has made the female quetzal almost as gorgeous as her mate, except for the long, streaming tail.

Before the coming of Quetzalcoatl, the most powerful god of the Aztecs seems to have been Tezcatlipoca. This god demanded many sacrifices and the old legends say that "there was great rivalry between Quetzalcoatl and Tezcatlipoca." What is meant by this is that the efforts of Quetzalcoatl and his early priests against human sacrifice were resented by the priests of this older deity. Certainly there was bitter warfare between the two sects. In the Aztec legends it is related that the older god at last overcame Quetzalcoatl by guile, persuaded him to drink a magic draught that sent him wandering from what is now Cholula in Mexico, to the distant ocean, where he embarked in his serpent boat and disappeared from men.

Whether as a symbol of this victory or for some other reason is unknown, but the plumes of Quetzalcoatl's sacred bird figured prominently in one strange human sacrifice to Tezcatlipoca.

The throne of Tezcatlipoca was in the sun. He seems to have been regarded as well-meaning enough, willing to straighten out the troubles of mortals, if he only knew what was needed. But his throne was too far off for him to see the situation or to hear men's prayers.

The only sure way to give Tezcatlipoca first-hand information was to send a messenger to him. And so every year some extra fine specimen of young manhood was selected for this job.

By some obscure arrangement, a portion of the god was supposed to enter this messenger and look through his eyes throughout the year. Obviously, a deity whose good will was sought ought to have the best of things on earth, even though only a little part of him was here to enjoy it. Therefore, during the year the young man was treated like a god. Even the Emperor bowed down to him. The best in food, drink and raiment was none too good. If he fancied one of the king's daugh-

(Continued on Page 19)

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Got Her Bathing Suit in a Sawmill

BATHING beauties may come and bathing beauties may go, and their seagoing ensembles will be as various as the faces, figures and dispositions of the fair wearers—but none of them will grace a more unusual outfit than the one shown at the right.

This young woman—Miss Irene Randolph by name, and a citizen of Oregon—didn't go to a department store or a beach shoppe for her costume; she ordered it at a sawmill. No looms turned out the fabric and no busy fingers used needle and thread to fashion the finished product. Husky millwrights were the couturiers that turned out this get-up and the tools they used were the buzz-saw and the planer.

It was no job for them at all because, in the plant where this beach suit was turned out, the workers make thousands of such things every day. The stripe of material are, of course, wood, specifically box boards, or box shooks, as those in the business put it.

Miss Randolph admits that there were extenuating circumstances behind her selection of a swimming suit. She really didn't pick it out because she thought it would be fun to swim in it, or because she thought thousands of other women would go in for the style. The makers of box boards, wise to the ways of advertising, decided it was time they used a smiling and shapely queen to call attention to their useful, but comparatively humdrum wares.

That being the case there was nothing for it but to have a coronation robe made of box boards and, these days, the royal get-up that catches the maximum number of eyes is something that shows off the charms of the queen, and doesn't hide her lights under a bushel of this and that.

For a time there was some question just what sort of gown Her Royal Highness ought to wear. Some of her court of advisers thought the costume would have more of a regal note if long box boards were used, something that would reach from shoulder to heel, as the robes of real queens do. But it took very little experimenting to discover that the effect of such an ensemble was, literally and esthetically, wooden.

Miss Randolph didn't appear to good advantage at all in a full-length dress of unyielding box shooks. She might as well have posed in one of the boxes made of the strips of wood. So the bathing suit idea was tried out—and everybody concerned was satisfied.

The "bodice" was made of a dozen or more short, shooks with holes drilled through one end of them so that a stout cord could be laced through to hold the creation on the shapely torso of the queen.

The skirt, fashioned of somewhat longer shooks, was put together in the same manner, but carefully fitted so that there were just the right number of them. A couple of shooks too many and the skirt would have the appearance of a cockeyed windmill. Miss Randolph found that out when she was being fitted for the sawmill creation.

The Queen of the Box Shooks did not, however, just let somebody reach into a pile of boards and pick the "fabric" for her costume out at random. She insisted that the pieces be straight-grained and well-planed so that there would be no danger of picking up a few splinters in the course of her royal duties.

She also made it plain that she had no intention of going in the water with the outfit on, knowing well that the bodice and skirt, being of the stuff they are, would try to float and make graceful swimming all but impossible.

Miss Randolph chose the two-piece wooden swim-suit by trial and error, but what she finally arrived at, as the picture shows, is attractive proof that the divided suit is still holding its own in these one-piece times. It is true that the stream-lined ensemble is more becoming than practical. Yet there have been thousands of less becoming beach suits, just as impractical. She wouldn't be much surprised if some smart Paris fashion czar should get an idea for making some such vogue practical.

One of the Strangest Animal Friendships Ever Known Is Shown in the Remarkable Photograph at the Right. The Alsatian Dog, Belonging to Mrs. C. Reid, of Brisbane, Australia, Hobnobs With a Koala Bear and a Snake. He Also Plays With a Kangaroo Owned by His Mistress.

Miss Irene Randolph, the Oregon Girl, Who Proved Herself No "Wooden Head" When She Played Queen for a Day for the State's Mills That Turn Out Box Boards. She Managed to Make the Simple Outfit Look Stylish.

Believe It Or Not, They're Good Pals

IT MAY be that there are stranger teams in the Animal Kingdom than the trio shown in the accompanying photograph—an Alsatian dog, a koala bear and a snake. But the citizens of Brisbane, Australia, won't believe so until they have seen proof.

The oddly assorted pets belong to one Mrs. C. Reid, who also has in her private zoo a kangaroo. The shepherd dog enjoys romping and boxing with his long-tailed pal.

Australians do not register much surprise that a dog would make friends with the living Teddy Bear, peculiar to their continent, because the little bears are easily tamed. But for a dog to take up with a snake and let the serpent wind itself around his neck is something else again. And they say it's even more remarkable for the timid Koala bear to feel at home in the same neighborhood with a reptile.

The "three musketeers," as Mrs. Reid calls the friends shown in the picture, often occupy the same bed.

Uses Roosters For a Foghorn

WHEN the fog rolls down the Newfoundland banks, it's a wise skipper who knows where he's steering. But one captain who could get safely back to anchor, even blindfolded, has been making the rival fishermen around Botwood scratch their heads and marvel at his fog-proof seamanship. For twenty years they have wondered how in the name of Davy Jones he could slip so easily through the gray mist without piling up on the shore or losing his bearings.

Now the aging captain has 'fessed up that he's no superman, and like most sailors, he depends on a gadget for seeing him through the fog. Only his is no new-fangled radio beam nor fog-condenser—it's a landlubber and, in fact, a lowly barnyard bird.

Talking of the fog, he declares "the stuff never bothers me. I just steer by the roosters crowing on Appleby's farm. Been doing it all these years and they never failed me yet."

This might seem a hit-or-miss method of dealing with the sea-vapors, but the captain says it's infallible and enables him to come home to roost while the rest of the fishermen have to blunder around for hours, grinding their fog horns and hallooing.

Should the roosters be silent too long, the ingenious captain puckers up and simulates a piercing cock-a-doodle-doo that never fails to bring a response from a real rooster on shore. The fisherman has gotten so he even flaps his arms in rooster-like enthusiasm when he crows. But the fog keeps this hidden from sight.

Taking Life Easy Becomes "Big Business"

EVEN in this day of big money and big business it's startling to find that the nation spends five billion dollars a year for a single item. But what makes the figure most unusual is that it's spent for just "resting and leisure."

Everybody knows that foreign countries almost fall on their faces in their eagerness to get American tourists to spend money in them. But it is not always realized that the American tourist trade is also the life-blood of many an American state.

Maine, for example, has always been known as a hay, apple, potato and fishing state. Yet almost as important to Maine as her entire agricultural output is the tourist trade. It ranks second as a source of income, according to no less an authority than the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

California, for instance, values her tourist trade next in importance to her gigantic petroleum industry. Michigan, center of the automobile industry, ranks as her second source of income those visitors whom these same automobiles are so instrumental in bringing.

In Wisconsin the value of visitors taking things easy is also second, exceeded only by that of the dairy business.

The Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

THESE familiar lines from the pen of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow are finding a new and ominous meaning in the picture below, snapped at a "playground" in Hawkhurst, England.

The tots, at a certain hour every day, are told to put on the bulging bogey-man masks and they do this without knowing what it's all about. Their nurses and parents tell them they must do this because the Government wants them to be "prepared." But this doesn't make much sense to the youngsters, who would much rather play, unencumbered by such gadgets. They don't know what a mess the world is in and that everybody in Europe fears war. To them it's just a troublesome interruption to their games, and they're glad to take the horrid "faces" off as soon as they can.

These British Youngsters, at a Playground in Hawkhurst, England, Are Finding It Hard to Have Much Fun in the Close-fitting Gas Masks Furnished Them by a Government That Believes in Preparedness. They Have Frequent Practice With the Ugly Looking Gadgets.

Tombstones Testify in Court

OLD JACKSON BARNETT, the oil-millionaire Indian whose white wife made a gentleman out of him only to lose him because the courts said he didn't know what he was doing, has been dead for some time now, but his name still makes news.

His tombstone was hauled into court together with another one, to testify in a special hearing on claims of two groups who say they are entitled to a share of his millions. They were asked to refute a charge that an initial had been forged on one of them.

William Simpson, of Louisville, Kentucky, had declared that a gravestone in Bell County cemetery was altered from B. Barnett to J. Barnett. Mrs. Talitha Sproles, to prove the names were not changed, brought the weather-beaten stones to speak for themselves. There are those who believe the silent witnesses clinched the matter for Mrs. Sproles, although the hearings were continued.

Who's to get the oil millions left by Barnett still isn't known. What further complicates the court fight is the fact that Jackson Barnett's father also had the initial "J," standing for James Barnett. Who's grave is whose, is not altogether clear even now. But the stones did their best.

Most Mixed-Up Family?

WILLIAM GREEN, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, married Charlotte Klayman, and his father married her sister, Sadie. Charlotte last year gave birth to twin girls. Unfortunately, one died. But, as William puts it, "our other little twin, Carol, is the rascal who really complicates matters. Being my daughter makes her my father's grand-daughter. But being his wife's sister's daughter makes the child his niece. Sadie, my wife's sister, is the child's aunt. But Sadie, being my father's wife, is also the child's grandmother. I am a nephew to my wife because my wife is my stepmother's sister. Therefore my child Carol is my wife's grand-piece besides being her daughter. And, because my wife is my aunt by marriage, any child of hers must be my cousin. So I am a cousin to my own daughter. Should Sadie, my wife's sister, have a baby, we'd all go crazy."

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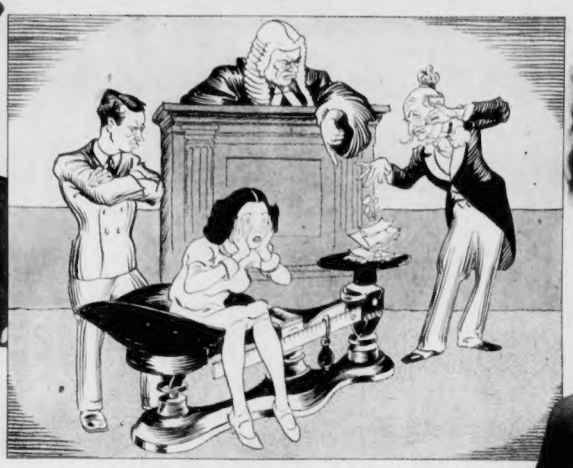
How Much Is a Wife's "Honor" Worth to Her Husband?

The Judge Charges a British Jury Not to Punish Lord Manton as a Love-Thief, But If He Used His Title to Dazzle Frail Mrs. Player, Then Mr. Player Should Be Paid Extra —But His Lordship May Keep Her

Plain Mr. John Dane Player, Who Was Awarded $17,500 for Damages Traced to Lord Manton's Glamour.



Figuratively, the Jury Had to Weigh Mrs. Player's Qualities as a Wife Against the Fascination Exercised by the Noble Lord So That the Extra Injury Caused By His "Higher Clawss" Might Be Estimated.

Mrs. Leila Joan Player, Who Might Have Resisted Some Villain of a Class Lower Than Her Own, Was Presumably Helpless Against the Appeal of Lord Manton's Title.

WHAT to do to the man who has stolen another man's wife is still one of the law's most complicated problems. This has just been made clear by the charge of Justice Langton, a London divorce judge, to his jury in the recent case of Lord Manton who had run away with the charming wife of a commoner, John Dane Player, of Friar's Wells, Melton Mowbray, England.

Different juries, in different times and places, have set the most extraordinary variety of values on a wife's stolen love. Some have held that the runaway was a woman of such negligible value that taking her away was not even petty larceny and therefore the love-thief was not a thief at all, so they refused to make him pay a penny damages.

Others have felt that the wronged husband's appraisal of his wife's value was too modest and have asked the judge to let them award him more damages than he asked for. Still others, especially American juries, have gone so far as to indicate that a fair price for what had once been a really good wife, was the life of the man who led her astray. They did not state this in so many words, but by their action, in declaring the husband not guilty of murdering the man who had wronged him.

If a dog is stolen, or a horse, it is either grand or petty larceny and the law guides judge and jury quite clearly in how they should handle the culprit. But when the stolen goods is a wife, 12 strangers who probably won't even see her in court, must estimate how good she really was before the damage occurred and how much her loss amounted to in cash.

The view of the English law is that Lord Manton's seduction of lovely Mrs. Leila Joan Player is to be regarded in much the same light as if he had accidentally run over the woman with his car. In both cases he should be made to pay only for the property damaged and not an additional sum as a punishment for having damaged it.

But in an automobile accident it would have made no difference in the damages to be awarded whether Lord Manton himself was at the wheel or his chauffeur. In a love-theft suit it may make a great difference whether the home-wrecker is a person in the same station of life or a glamorous celebrity stooping from a higher social plane.

On this point Judge Langton said:

"A co-respondent who uses a superior social position with which to dazzle the woman he seduces has added to the sufferings of the husband and you are entitled to take that into account."

Many wished that the justice had gone into that matter further. Presumably he referred to the bitterness of a husband who felt that he had been beaten in an unfair fight. The latter, in such a case, might be regarded somewhat like the man who got the worst of a fist fight because the other fellow pulled a knife. On the other hand, some husbands expressed the opinion that it hurts worse when a wife jilts her husband for someone in a lower social circle.

Mild Irish Jack Doyle, Pugilist and Crooner, in One of Those Happy But Highly Evaluated Moments With Extremely Rich Mrs. Delphine Dodge Goddc.

After May Yohe, an actress, married Lord Hope, owner of the famous Hope diamond, the man who was charged with stealing her was not an earl or a duke, able to dazzle her with a bigger and better rank than her husband's, but Captain Putnam Bradlee Strong, an army officer, and she eventually settled down with a man whose only title was captain. Lord Hope asked for no damages in connection with his divorce, but it would have been interesting if a jury had said how much, if anything, a commoner owes for stealing a Lord's Lady.

Even the glamour of superior social rank must be measured according to each individual wife. A woman who has never met a Lord before is quite likely to be swept from her feet by his flattery, while another woman who has known all sorts of titled personages from childhood may see little glamour in them.

In his charge to the jury in the Manton case, Judge Langton let off the woman who had betrayed her husband quite easily, saying:

"The unfortunate woman has not obviously gloried in all her actions of the last two years. That is much to her credit and what she has said in moments of agitation does not matter in the least."

And after listening to this, the jury, including four women, went out and in 35 minutes reckoned up the bill of damages that His Lordship—glamour and all—owed Mr. Player at 3,500 pounds or $17,500.

Since only the financial or economic, and not the moral phases of the adventure of Lord Manton and Mrs. Player interested the Court and the jury, and no one was censured for misbehavior, it is being interpreted that in such cases, when damages have been paid, the defendant should logically be entitled to continue his affections toward the party hired from home. In which case Lord Manton would be permitted to resume his attentions to Mrs. Player, now that he has paid up.

Juries in the United States are not often called upon to estimate the glamour value of a title. But in judging the cash price of straying wives—and husbands—they still have to do some pretty delicate figuring.

For example, if the recently filed alienation of affections suit of Judith Allen against the multi-married Mrs. Delphine Dodge Goddc ever comes to trial, the jury that gets it is going to have its work cut out.

In this case, the principal characters are a combination crooner and prizefighter (Jack Doyle), a movie actress (Judith), and a wealthy society woman (Mrs. Godde). Judith, who married and then divorced Doyle, claims that Mrs. Godde lured him away with expensive gewgaws before her divorce had become final and just as he and she were about to become reconciled.

The actress is asking $2,000,000 for the alleged larceny, although it would be hard to say how she arrived at this staggering figure. To the uninitiated, Doyle, who has been variously described as a "Mild Irish Rose" or a "singing thrush," might seem to be worth less, —but then, of course, Judith may have seen a side of him unknown to the world.

In any event, glamour will have to be weighed here, too, even though the circumstances are somewhat different than in the English case where one of the characters, the noble Lord, had a corner on it. But nobody can deny that a crooning prizefighter, a movie actress, and a wealthy society woman have all got plenty of glamour, so the question before the jury will be: Whose glamour dazzled whom and who's to pay?

Glamour also figured in another recent American case. In this a gardener's wife charged that the rich, socially registered (but 46-year-old) wife of her husband's employer had be-glamoured the gardener. But the jury which was called upon to weigh her suit for damages was apparently made up of lightning calculators because it took them only 22 minutes to solve the problem.

Their figuring, expressed in mathematical terms, went like this: One gardener's wife, plus five children, plus one husband, divided by one society woman, plus one 69-year-old husband, minus children but plus a 200-acre estate in Madison, Connecticut, equals zero. If the jury's answer, representing the sum the suing wife received, was correct, then the wife herself, Carmela Sylvester, must have miscalculated. She thought it ought to be $50,000.

As a matter of fact, Carmela was probably tempted to make it even larger when, during the trial, she heard her husband, Frank, the handsome gardener, testify. Frank, on the stand bashfully declared that he had trysted with Mrs. Clarence Hooker, the middle-aged glamour-dispenser, not only in her boudoir but also back of the red barn and even under the hemlock tree. One of the hemlock trysts, he asserted, had taken place in the midst of a January snowstorm, with the temperature 24 degrees above zero.

"The snow didn't get under the tree," he volunteered by way of explanation.

The difficulty of visualizing such a scene may have speeded the jury's verdict; at any rate, they accepted Mrs. Hooker's denial of all charges and exonerated her completely.

Judith Allen, in Private Life, Mrs. Jack Doyle, Who Figured Doyle's Time With Mrs. Goodde Was Worth $2,000,000 to a Wife.

Lord Manton Whom the Jury Ordered to Pay Mrs. Player's Husband Extra Because of His Dazzling Title.

"Gus" Stiff, long suffering baggageman on the Central Railway of New Jersey, is another sufferer of allegedly mis-applied glamour. His trouble started the day of his marriage, when, he testified, his bride and his wealthy brother-in-law, disappeared for half an hour. On their return, the baggageman asserted that his anxiety was not soothed by hearing Oscar F. Douglas, the brother-in-law, say nonchalantly that he had been kissing the bride.

Later, Stiff testified, he had suspected that he was losing his wife's love when she started getting expensive presents from a mysterious "Uncle Horace," and still later he was sure of it when she stopped putting liverwurst in his lunchbox. Impressed by the presents, the $35 a week baggageman sought out Uncle Horace with the idea of making a little touch.

"I found him living on a farm," "Gus" told the jury, "and all he had to his name was a small frame house and a cow. He certainly didn't look like a rich uncle. Of course, you can't tell from appearances, so I just asked him if he could spare a few bucks for some doors and he said: 'Well, I'll tell you what you'd better do, Gus. You'd better try and see if you can't set a little aside each week from your pay. Maybe some day you'll have enough.'"

After that, Gus decided that not Uncle Horace but brother-in-law Douglas was the concealed donor and sued him for $250,000 damages. By way of reply, Douglas denied all and Mrs. Stiff asserted that her husband had pushed her down a flight of stairs, poured hot water on her, and slept with a hammer under his pillow.

Trying to find a common denominator for Douglas' glamour, the gifts he was alleged to have given Mrs. Stiff, a push downstairs, a pitcher of hot water, and a hammer, the jury became so confused that they finally called the whole thing off.

In two recent English cases the price the husbands asked for their wives' affections was so low the juries decided they ought to have more. In the first of these the cast of characters included an organist, his wife, and his old friend, a schoolmaster. After needing the organist's wife, the schoolmaster became convinced that one of the things he wanted most was to take organ lessons. So he began to study at his old friend's home and soon had learned enough to vanish with the organist's wife.

The organist hunted high and low and finally found them living in a hotel in Bloomsbury. But this did not help him much because they both told him that they were tired of music.

The price the disconsolate musician asked for his wife was $500. However, after listening to his touching story and hearing how wonderful she had been—before she met the schoolmaster —the jurymen felt that this sum was entirely too modest. They told the judge that a treasure like that was well worth $1,250 of any man's money. But the judge set the verdict aside, ruling that the organist be paid the amount he had asked for. British law is strict on the point that there can be no raising or lowering of an asking price.

In another case, the driver of a grocery wagon asked for $500 from a plasterer. As before, the jury decided the value of the wife had been underestimated, and boosted it—this time to $750. Just why the jury raised the ante in this case is hard to say, for the delivery man had not given a very flattering account of his wife. He had said they got along all right until she met this plasterer but after that they seemed to have nothing but trouble.

Time after time, she went away from home, leaving him to look after their two children. At last, she announced that the plasterer was the man for her and packing up her belongings moved out and set up housekeeping in Colchester. While the judge may have felt that it would serve the plasterer right to have to pay the extra $250, there was nothing that could be done about it under the law.

And, finally, there was the case of a proofreader who asked the conventional $500 from another proofreader and might have got it if the husband had not disgusted the jury by relating that he had previously forgiven her for eloping with two other men. The jury thought he was lucky to be rid of such a faithless creature and gave him nothing.

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"Empires of the Moon"—

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Which Failed Because of Some Tremendous Trifle

Dramatized From Old Records

by H. Bedford-Jones

Count Alexis Orloff, Who Put Catherine II on the Throne of Russia by Killing Peter III, and Later Plotted With Natalie Lezciki, Daughter of Empress Elizabeth, to Depose Her.

Catherine II (1729-1796), Empress of Russia, Known as Catherine the Great, Whom Natalie Lezciki Hoped to Supplant as Empress.

"Domanski clutched for her, intoxicated by the feel of her warm, vibrant flesh. She was helpless in his grasp, her frantic efforts unavailing to get clear again. Her gripping fingers went to the pistolet on the desk, and found it."

"A TRIFLE makes a dream—a trifle breaks," sang the English poet, Alfred Tennyson.

And buried away in all but forgotten archives are musty records which deal with conspiracies that might have changed the history of the world—dreams of Empires of Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only "Empires of the Moon"—moonshine.

The American Weekly presents on this page today the seventh of a series dealing with such conspiracies. They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant American novelist, H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form presented as some gifted onlooker of the time might have written them.

No. 7—Almost an Empress.

WHEN I walked into the office at nine in the morning, a telegram was handed me. I tore it open and read:

DO YOU LIKE DRAMATIC WOMEN ANSWER BLACKSTONE CHICAGO

PARTON

I was in no mood to exchange pleasantries. My friend Parton was off again in the estates and empires of the moon, obviously. He collects conspiracies that failed to overturn the world; inside information on history, as he calls it. When he strikes some startling story of conspiracy that would have made the front pages if it had only been successful, he makes a bee-line to tell me about it.

Calling in my secretary, I dictated a reply calculated to discourage him:

NOBODY LIKES DRAMATIC WOMEN YOU FOOL ALL WOMEN THINK THEMSELVES DRAMATIC BUT ONLY ONE IN A MILLION CAN ACHIEVE DRAMA STOP FORGET IT.

"Send it collect," I ordered.

At ten o'clock another telegram arrived. I had forgotten about Parton's message until I opened this one and saw his name signed to it:

NATALIE LEZCIKI WAS ONE IN TEN MILLION ALSO PROVING WOMAN CAN BE TOO SMART SHOULD REACH YOU THIS MORNING AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY PLEASE READ AND RETURN

I cursed Parton and his conspiracies heartily, being hard at work on an important lawsuit.

At five after eleven another telegram arrived:

HAVE YOU READ IT YET QUESTION

I grunted and went back to work. A big air-mail envelope had arrived and was on my desk, but I ignored Parton and his blasted conspiracy. A bit after twelve, I was leaving for luncheon when my secretary came in with another telegram.

"Is it from him?" I demanded. She looked at it and smiled.

"Yes. Just the same as the last one."

I departed and slammed the door. When I returned, later, still another telegram was on my desk—merely a question as to whether I had read it. The thing was getting on my nerves.

Intending to glance at the story and send a reply that would satisfy and silence Parton, I tore open the envelope and removed the typed pages. Out fell a slip of cardboard. On it was drawn a skull and crossbones; below this was a message in red ink:

WARNING!

READ ONE PAGE IN THIS STORY OF THE MOST DRAMATIC WOMAN IN HISTORY AND I BET FIFTY BUCKS YOU CAN'T QUIT TILL IT'S FINISHED

I sniffed. However, Parton always stands by his bets. One page, eh? All right. I settled grimly down to win the bet. The odd thing about it was that, from the beginning, the sound of those singing voices at dusk had a haunting effect. I knew Leghorn, the ancient merchant city, the port of Tuscany when the Medici ruled Florence as grand dukes. The words took me back to the old place—the torches flaring around the gardens of the palace, their smoke drifting in lazy spicy swirls in the windless hush of dusk, and the voices, singing—haunting Russian melodies.

SINGING, as they had been singing ever since noon, voices of men floating in from the Russian fleet in the harbor, the tall frigates and towering ships of the line. Elizabeth was in her bath when Tanya called her excitedly.

"Little mother! Come quickly. They're spelling your name with lanterns!"

She left the bath and came hastily to the window—dripping, nude, her slim flanks glistening, her delicately pointed breasts as eager as her eyes. Blobs of yellow flame bloomed between the masts across the water, as lantern after lantern swung into place.

"Elizabeth!" The name stood out, the voices lifted a new and more rousing song in quick acclaim. Elizabeth turned to her maid, listening to another sound.

"My robe and slippers—quickly! A carriage just arrived. If it's a courier, bring him here instantly."

"Instantly?" echoed the maid, Tanya, as she held a white fur robe and Elizabeth slipped her lovely arms into it.

"Of course. Go and see—move!"

The maid disappeared. Elizabeth caught up the slippers of white fur, darted to the escritoire against the wall between the windows, and drew out a brass pistolet. She examined it, set it down, drew a sheet of paper over it, and then tucked her feet into the slippers.

Candles lighted a tall mirror. She went to it, stood before it, opened the white robe, and surveyed her lovely body, her more lovely features, her high proud head. A regal glitter grew in her eyes.

"Elizabeth! And tomorrow, Empress of Russia," she murmured. "If Bogdanoff assents, the last link in the chain is forged. If he comes or sends, the others will be here tonight; and tomorrow, the salutes of the fleet to a new empress! A woman worthy to be an empress—more worthy than that pig Catherine who sits on the throne now!"

The door was swung open. Disdainful of haste, careless of the mirror that disclosed her white slim beauty, Elizabeth tucked the robe around her and turned. Tanya had brought in a dust-white cavalier, who bowed low and introduced himself, in some confusion.

"Madame—Your Highness—I am but this moment arrived—pardon my appearance, I pray you. Ivan Tartarin, secretary to Prince Bogdanoff, envoy of Russia to the Republic of Venice—"

"Yes, yes; you're welcome," broke out Elizabeth. "Your master sent you?"

"To speak for him tonight, Madame; to represent him—"

Her nostrils flared with abrupt excitement. "Quickly! Does he support me?"

"He does, without reservations—"

"Good! Give us the details later. Tanya! Take him to a room, give him all he may need; rest, my friend, and in an hour or so join us at dinner."

The door closed again. Elizabeth swept around, came back to the mirror, flung open her fur coat; with slim fingers she touched her breasts, her slim white hips, her throat. Exultant, she flung out her arms to herself.

"The last link! Tomorrow you win the world!" she whispered. "Yes; you're beautiful. You've used every weapon. One-by-one, you've won every man you need—and now the last, the greatest of all, the conqueror of the Turks, the most powerful man in Russia—Alexis Orloff!" She curtsied to herself, laughing. "And with him, his two brothers, Gregory, the statesman, the favorite of the empress, Fedor, the heroic, who welcomes us at Cronstadt; yet neither of them can equal Alexis, the lion, who killed the Tsar and put Catherine on the throne! And now he'll put the granddaughter of Peter the Great on the throne—"

She turned, as Tanya came back into the room, and her voice lifted imperiously.

"Tanya! The finest of everything for tonight—jewels, everything! And first, rub me well with your skilful hands. Tonight I must be supple, beautiful as never before, filled with conquest, triumph, glory!"

The songs of the Russian seamen still drifted in from the anchored fleet, the ships of Orloff that had annihilated the entire Turkish navy.

She stretched out on the rug before the flickering hearth fire, naked. Tanya, broad-faced and powerful, knelt above her and kneaded her relaxed flesh, laughing a little as she rubbed and massaged with deft touch of the strong fingers.

"Ah, little mother!" she murmured. "If I had a body such as this, I'd use it well and shrewdly! Not that you've lost any chances. What happened, that night in Pisa, when you went out with Count Alexis Orloff?"

"Nothing happened," said Elizabeth in dreamy relaxation, "except that I married him in secret."

She laughed softly, throatily. The maid, after one slight start of amazement, joined in the laugh, and then ventured another question.

"But Radziwill?"

"Radziwill is in Venice or Vienna."

"And the other? Domanski?" questioned Tanya. "The tall, handsome young Pole, the young god Adonis, the man of fire and flame?"

Elizabeth shivered slightly and put her face in the crook of her arm, as Tanya massaged her supple back.

"Who knows? He's gone, forgotten, far away," came her muffled voice. "I've traded him for an empire. Never mention his name again."

She did not see the flash, like a lambent flare of lightning, that sped athwart the dark stolid face of the maid and was gone again.

She lay thinking, reckoning, remembering this Polish girl who had winged her beauty like the flight of a swooping dove above Europe, now here, now there. Two years ago, in 1772, Poland had ceased to be as a nation, partitioned and looted; two years ago, Natalie Lezciki had come out of Poland, and tonight she was the empress-to-be.

Daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, brought up as the daughter of the humble Pole, Peter Lezciki, her amazing story and more amazing beauty had blown up a flame of intrigue wherever she passed. Tonight it was coming to a head. Tomorrow couriers would be riding the roads of Europe. Tomorrow the whole victorious fleet of Russia would be off, like a pack of hounds unleashed, for Gibraltar and the seas beyond, and Cronstadt—and the throne of an empire!

Tanya ran to the window. "Tomorrow, little mother, you'll be Tsaritsa! Boats are coming ashore. Alexis Orloff is coming."

The haunting refrain of voices continued from the Russian ships, the voices of men singing through the hours. Elizabeth sat up, hands to ears.

"What does it mean? That singing drives me crazy! Well, well, dress me, powder my hair, arrange it! Yes, I married Orloff in Pisa, parted with him five minutes afterward, and no one else knows it. Dress me!"

Again that lambent flash darted across the peasant face of Tanya, and was gone.

Elizabeth stood up. Now the slim lovely body, which had served her so well, was sheathed like a living sword as the maid dressed her.

A Striking Painting of Catherine the Great and Kosciusko, the Polish Patriot.

THE GRAND DUKE had placed his palace here in Leghorn at her disposal; her guests were quartered here, all Russians. Not a large gathering, but upon it depended the destiny of an empire, the lives of millions, perhaps the history of the world. Tonight, under this roof, all the threads of intrigue and conspiracy from half across Europe were drawn together, and the slender fingers of a woman were knotting them hard and strong.

The state dining-room, with its Florentine marbles and paintings and tapestries, was lit by massive waxen candles. About the table sat the guests, all men; at its head was Elizabeth, a fairy dream of beauty, her skin so clear that it seemed to glow with a self-contained light.

Her gold-brown hair was caught up in a golden net sparkling with rubies and diamonds, and deftly powdered. Almost black above her deep blue eyes were her long, straight brows. Her muslin tunic was embroidered in gold and purple, with a diamond girdle; a short-sleeved dolman of crimson velvet, and the cordons of three Imperial orders completed her costume.

While the dinner was served there was only a discreet and casual murmur of talk, all in French; they were mindful of the servants. Not a man there dared take chances. And not a man there could take his gaze from one woman among them.

"No wine!" spoke out Alexis Orloff, from

(Continued on Page 16)

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Only Place Her Life Is Safe Is in Prison

Unless the French Courts Give Nadja Skoblin, Former Favorite of the Czar, a Life Sentence for Kidnaping General Miller, the White Russians Will Probably "Execute" Her as a "Traitor," or the Reds for Knowing Too Much

General Eugene Miller, Head of the Russian Counter-Revolutionary Party, Who Vanished When He Was Led Into a Kidnaping Trap, the French Police Believe, by General Skoblin. Also Missing.

Nadja Fears Two Deaths Wait Outside the Prison—One of Them White Russian Vengeance, and the Other "Execution" by the Reds.

Nadja Skoblin, Former Singing Beauty, Pet of Royalty and Wife of the Traitorous General Whom She Is Charged With Having Assisted in His Double-Dealing.

PARIS, Feb. 4.

THEY could leave the door of Nadja Skoblin's cell in the Petite Roquette Prison unlocked, but La Plevitskaia, as she was known in Russia, would not try to escape. Outside wait two kinds of death for her, Red death or White death, and one about as bad as the other.

The former singing beauty, once favorite of the last Czar, has changed sides from White Russian to Red Russian and back again once too often and now knows she is doomed to "execution" by whichever faction catches her first, in case the French authorities decide to set her free, which they may any day decide to do. Like millions of others of her countrymen, this unhappy woman probably does not know which side she is really for.

Her husband, General Nicholas Skoblin, though purporting, like herself, to be a White Russian, is, like herself, accused of plotting the recent "disappearance" of General Eugene Miller, head of the counter-revolutionary party. At the first intimation that he was suspected, General Skoblin vanished and everyone is guessing whether he received the "traitor's death" at the hands of the Whites, who believe he betrayed them, or has escaped from France.

About the only two countries of Europe from which France could not extradite him would be the Red area of Spain and Soviet Russia. An overland flight to Russia would be extremely dangerous, but any Soviet freighter could smuggle him in. Once there the chances are about even whether he would be rewarded—that is, if he did connive at General Miller's disappearance—or put to death. It would surprise few Russians to learn that both Skoblin and Miller, the man he is accused of kidnaping, are being worked on in the same secret torture chamber, each bit of information wrung from one used for extorting more from the other.

The evidence against the Skoblins is considered strong, with the first clue given by the victim himself. Before leaving his office, Miller gave a sealed envelope to his secretary, General Koussousky, with instructions to open it if he did not return within three hours. When Koussousky finally did so, he found a note from his superior stating that he was going to meet M. M. Werner and Strachmann, military attachés of the German Embassy. The last sentence of the note said that the appointment had been arranged by his friend General Skoblin and might be a trap.

The meeting never took place and no such attaches existed. Though Skoblin had vanished, his wife was questioned and her account of their movements on the day of Miller's disappearance was proved to be untrue.

A raid of the Skoblin villa at Ozoir-la-Ferriere revealed that the pair had been receiving large sums of money from the Whites, the Reds, the Republican Russians and several *other* organizations. Many *messages* were found in a secret code which, in spite of all its war experience, the French Intelligence Department has not been able to solve.

They believe they have the key, however, in two *copies* of the Bible, one found in the *villa* itself and the other in Nadja's car. Each is bound with heavy steel covers, like the lead covers of a naval code book, so that if thrown into water it would be sure to sink. Certain passages in the Psalms are underlined, and since both Skoblins are atheists it is not likely that they cherished the two iron-clad copies of the scriptures for any pious purpose.

Madame Skoblin's astonishing career, which reveals her as an opportunist, always playing both ends against the middle and ever ready to be the first to jump from the losing to the winning side, proves how far that Oriental policy can carry people—but also where it leaves them in the end.

Born in the little village of Vinikov, the youngest of a family of 12, Nadja sang her way into popularity with the neighborhood youths, but when her father died and her mother ordered her to marry a prosperous farmer's son who could read and write and play the accordion, she begged to be allowed to enter a convent.

She decided it would be easier to escape from a convent than from *marriage*, so presently she was *sent to the* Holy Trinity Convent at *Kursk*, where she attracted attention *by her* zeal and outsang and *outprayed* everyone else.

As a reward *she was* allowed considerable freedom *and* employed it to desert to the *enemy*. A "wicked" circus was in *town* and the wickedest man of *them all* was supposed to be a fiddler *who almost* "got religion" in his *surprise and* joy when a beautiful *young nun*, with angelic face and voice, *asked him* to take her away with him.

Having deserted from the heavenly *hosts* to those of Satan, Nadja again got into the front ranks, becoming so prominent with her singing that she was identified and brought home in disgrace. Such misbehavior had closed the door of the convent to her and even to marriage with a respectable peasant. She became a waitress and finally joined a troupe of wandering minstrels only to desert them at Kiev and start a tour of her own, charming the customers of roadside taverns as she zigzagged around the country for five years.

Traitors' End. Russian Soldiers Carrying Out the Death Sentence of Turncoat Spies.

Free to smile upon whom she pleased, Nadja picked up plenty of sweethearts in her rambles—the girl might have exclaimed with La Tosca that she lived for music and kisses—yet these fugitive attachments were forgotten at Baku, where the melodious *nomad* married a *dancer* of renown *named* Plevitzsky.

Some months later at Moscow *the pair* received *an* ovation at *the* Yarghout—a night resort much frequented at that epoch by the "rascal monk," Rasputin, who used to caper about the place without any clothes on when intoxicated. Next they appeared at the celebrated Nizhni-Novgorod fair, and here Nadja, with her plaintive folk-songs, stirred the sobbing tenor Sobinov so deeply that he induced her to sing with him and the baritone Figner in a concert at Moscow.

Nadja, while singing, dancing, making love or anything else always had her eye on the door, the window or the wide horizon, ready to embrace the big opportunity which steals through everybody's life, and now it arrived. The Czar happened to hear the trio and was fascinated by the young woman's voice. As proof of his favor he presented her with a ruby ring and an invitation to visit him at St. Petersburg. At the Winter palace she crooned to Nicholas as she had to the peasant boys and quite as effectively. The Little Father gave her the coveted position of soloist at Tsarskoe Selo and showered much wealth on her.

Like General Miller, the White Russian *General*, Alexander Koutiepoff, Was Kidnaped *in* Paris in 1930, Killed by a Red Death Squad, Chopped *into* Pieces and Buried *as a* Dog in the Famous Animal Cemetery at Asnieres.

General Skoblin, Was he Killed by the White Russians Or Has He Escaped Safely From France?

Under such circumstances a husband *is* not a useful thing to have around and this one knew enough to efface himself. Up to that time, Nadja, like most everyone else in the country, had joined most all the secret organizations that invited her—all Red, most all hostile to each other and united only in hostility to the Government.

The average Russian liked to belong to as many as possible as long as there were no dues to pay, and he still feels that way, believing that whatever happens he is connected with the winning side. It is double-dealing and might seem a desperate game to Western people, but in Russia it is not so risky because everyone is doing it and in the constant "purges" only really important people get shot.

Basking in the Czar's favor Nadja knew she could not hope to do better and, perhaps for the only time in her life, was wholeheartedly on the side she pretended to be, the Government's. But when the Czar's regime collapsed she instantly went over to the Revolution, trying to attach herself to Kerensky who was striving to make a democracy of the nation.

Seeing that the Bolsheviks were about to squelch this idea, she transferred herself to them and, discovering that her deserted husband was a leader of some consequence, rejoined him.

Together they went to the front, where she encouraged the Red soldiers by singing to them in the trenches. A bullet made her a widow, but she stayed on, waiting for some new opportunity. This came when a surprise attack by the White forces made her a prisoner of war.

Just one night in a crowded prisoners' pen and she sent word to the commander, General Skoblin, that she had important information for his ears alone. Having switched sides again, she told him everything she knew and threw in a few songs and blandishments which transferred her from the pen to the General's household. When the last White army was routed she and Skoblin *fled* to Paris and were married.

Nadja, as Madame Plevitskaia, made concert tours of America, Turkey and Central *Europe* and on the supposed profits the pair lived luxuriously in France. Recent *investigations*, however, indicate *that there* were little if any profits. In *Paris* was the headquarters of the White Russians devoted to exposing and thwarting Bolshevik Russia's plots in various parts of the world, and the Skoblins were given a high place in its councils.

Soon Leon Trotsky was expelled from Russia and founded his own society hostile to the Whites but even more so to the Stalin dictatorship. Still another crowd was bent on forming a democratic Russia along Kerensky's lines and many others, including the most dangerous of all, the Soviet dictatorship's own spy organization, were formed to find out what all the others were up to.

All these secret clans have sent spies into the other camps, from the first, so that it is quite common for a Russian emigre to belong to several at the same time and hard for anyone to tell to which, if any, he is really loyal. As early as 1919 Colonel Fedoseenko denounced the Skoblins as traitors who were taking Red money, but a White court-of-honor exonerated them.

In 1930, Gen. Alexander Koutiepoff, head of the White Russians, disappeared much in the mysterious manner that Gen. Miller recently vanished. According to a confession by a former secretary of the Soviet in Berlin, named Fikner, Koutiepoff was kidnaped from the Paris streets, drugged and then murdered in cold blood.

Fikner told the French police that the General's body had been dismembered in the cellar of the Soviet legation in the Rue de Grenelle and taken out and burried piecemeal in the Dogs' Cemetery at Asnieres.

According to Fikner, Ogpu agents buried the General's head in a special box, and separate parties, sometimes a woman with her chauffeur, sometimes elderly mourners brought in Koutiepoff's remains and stood tearfully by at the interment.

Burial of animal pets may be accomplished without legal permit, and it is supposed the Ogpu agents decided on this remarkable method of disposing of the General's body before they carried out the kidnaping.

The only reason to suspect that the Skoblins had any hand in the "disappearance" of Gen. Miller was a sudden outburst of prosperity right afterward during which they bought their villa. The Skoblins, however, seem to have accounted for their wealth satisfactorily. They were not even suspected months before when a bomb just missed Miller, and a truck, deliberately crushing his car, miraculously failed to kill him.

During the early phases of the war in Spain, General Franco seemed to know in advance exactly what Russia was doing to help the Red Spanish forces much to the embarrassment of Russia. This was laid to the efficiency of General Miller, the White leader, almost 70 years old. The White Russians believe that an order and the money to accomplish it were sent from Moscow to have a Red death squad capture him and that the Skoblins engineered the kidnaping.

However, it is not thought that General Miller was killed in France but was put on a Russian ship and taken to the land of the Soviets where by means of drugs and torture they should be able to find out all the old man knows before he is allowed to die.

Neither side trusts the Skoblins and both know too much to be allowed to live.

The kindest thing the French courts can do for Madame Skoblin probably is to give her a life sentence for protection. But it has been proven that even penitentiaries are not always proof against Red revenge.

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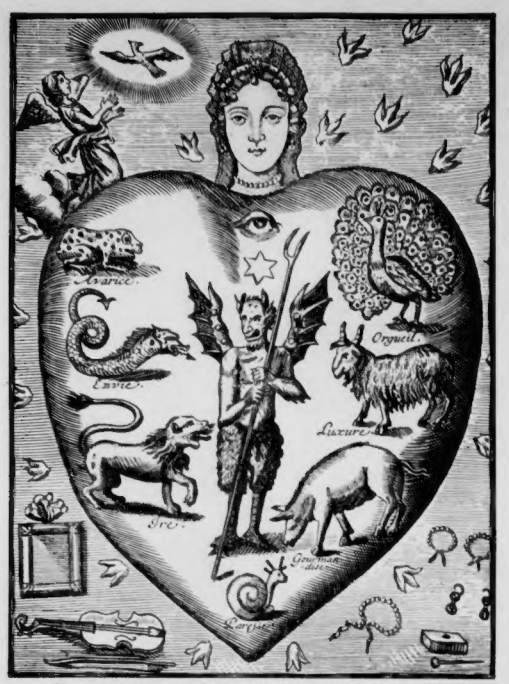
What Is In a Woman's Heart

Nobody Really Knows—But One Old French Artist Tried to Picture More Than 400 Years Ago What He Thought Was in a *Bad* Woman's



"Direct your eyes upon the first spectacle of these moral pictures, which should serve you as mute preachments, study her worldly airs and her superb head-dress. You would think her worthy of envy, but she is far more worthy of your tears! She is drowned in love of herself. She abandons herself to whatever can flatter her senses. The state of her soul is not less deplorable; the demon who is her master reigns there. Her heart is filled with arrogance, greedy for luxury, corrupted by gluttony, avarice devours her, envy tears her, anger transports her, and sloth lulls her to sleep."

"Convinced and alarmed by the truths which her good angel presents to her; that death is inevitable; that the judgments of Heaven, represented by the sword, are terrible, she conceives a salutary fear, the fruit of which is horror of her sins and disgust at the vanities of the world. The flames of sacred love succeed those of profane love; and the sins which issue from every part, led by the demon, shall become the sole object of her hatred, as virtue becomes most powerful within her."

By DR. CLIFTON HARBY, Author of "The Bible in Art."

FROM the time of Solomon, and probably long before that, men have been deeply interested in the almost impossible task of finding out what is in a woman's heart and have given highly conflicting reports of their explorations. Some have found the contents all good and some all bad—and others have sort of stood betwixt and between.

But an old artist of the 16th Century, more than 400 years ago, sat down one day and spent many more days and, in fact, many months drawing what he thought was in a BAD woman's heart. The pictures that he made so carefully and analytically have considerable resemblance to the old-fashioned Valentines, but he would be bold indeed who would send Valentines like them to any woman of today.

These drawings have recently come to this country and no other copies are known to exist. They form a series, of which the four reproduced on this page are the most illuminative, and which show best the keen insight and understanding of the artist, as depicted by symbols not unfamiliar to modern people.

In the first picture the woman wears an elaborate head-dress, and in her heart, drawn large to provide room for all its furniture, are the peacock of pride, the toad of avarice, the scorpion of envy, the goat of luxury, the lion of anger, the pig of gluttony and the snail of laziness, with Satan as the chief inspiration of all the sins.

Around the borders are jewels, a mirror, a violin, cards, emblems of frivolity—while above are the good angel and the dove of inspiration, shut out of her heart.

The eye at the top of the heart probably indicates the Creator seeing all the wickedness with which woman's heart is crowded.

Almost as though making a moving picture, this very earnest and painstaking artist shows in the second picture what takes place in the heart of a woman when she turns towards good. Her guardian angel enters her heart triumphantly, holding high a skull as a reminder of death, the inevitable, and with sword in hand, ready to drive forth each and every one of her besetting sins. Then, as they tumble out in panic, they are drawn down into the very mouth of Hell itself.

The Spirit of God, the dove, is winging its way toward her. The expression of her face is altered, and her head-dress has become simple. Her eyes are cast down in modesty and penitence, for she has begun to see herself in the light of understanding.

The third picture is perhaps the most interesting of all. The key to the entire composition lies in the eyes of the woman. One is partly closed, the other wide open. But the woman is not winking. The artist was endeavoring to depict her as having one eye partially closed to indicate a dangerous condition of indifference, which to him, according to the caption beneath this drawing, is the most perilous state in which a woman can be.

He proves this by the figures of all the vices trying to force their way once more into her heart, with their accompanying demons. Fashion, as a man and woman elegantly garbed, beckons to her, and her good angel is eager to force an entry through this wall of indifference.

Again the eye appears above, with the Star of Bethlehem, and all the symbols of the Crucifixion, for it is through these, according to this devout artist, that the woman seeking salvation will be able to overcome her indifference and keep out the vices and temptations of the world.

There is the great Cross, with the Crown of Thorns, the spear with which Jesus was pierced, the sponge on the end of a rod which was extended to Christ, that he might drink of the vinegar. There, too, are the pillar to which He was bound and the instruments with which He was tortured before the Crucifixion. All these are the symbols by which the woman may save herself from the attack of the demonic vices and every temptation, if she will only arouse herself from the lethargy of indifference.

The final picture is that of the good woman, whose heart is filled with only the purest, holiest thoughts.

All of the vices, in the border, are now outside of her heart, the arch-demon on his back, gasping for breath, and every other sin is being driven away. Her good angel, holding the Cross and the Gospels is near, and while the woman weeps, her tears are tears of contrition, washing away all stain from her heart.

The hood she wears is now of the simplest, and her countenance is marked with peace. The Eye is large and clear, and the Star of Bethlehem has grown to full size.

The artist was in all probability a French monk, who realized that the best way to impress his message was through pictures, anticipating by centuries one of the chief methods of modern instruction. Each picture was to strike home as no words could.

He was preaching a sermon, not only for his own age, but for all time, for human nature has altered very slightly during the centuries since he sat down and drew all of these incisive pictures. And the contents of a wicked woman's heart may be much the same today as they were in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, although the symbolism depicting those contents would be different.

An artist of today would probably picture night-clubs, cocktails, necking and immodesty as modern temptations, but when carefully studied they would all go back to pride, desire for luxury, sloth and so on, much as the French artist drew them.

Many modern preachers have inveighed against indifference as a state of danger, but not one could have made it so convincing as did this artist long dead.

His pictures are primitive, it is true, and therein lies their power. Vices are named and identified with certain animals which in those days were regarded as typical of these sins. The Devil was very real to this artist, and his legion of imps was quite as active as the arch-demon himself. Each sin, with its accompanying imp, plays havoc with a woman's heart.

Living when religion was dominant in France, the old artist pointed out that the only way to redemption was through pious living. Hundreds of millions of people today still believe this to be true, and their members are increasing in spite of, or perhaps because of, the assaults upon religion and its devoted followers in Red Russia and even Redder Spain. To them these pictures will have a very powerful appeal.

It would have been a pity had the world lost these old drawings, which have now been brought back to the light of day. They are well worthy of study and serious consideration.

"But she becomes indifferent, and there is no other condition from which it is more difficult for the soul to emerge. Sin itself is less frightful; great disorders affect us with horror; the remorse of conscience which troubles us and agitates us may help us to issue from it. But an indifferent soul leads a soft and languishing life. Exempt from gross vices, she has no scruples at being without ardor for her salvation, without taste for virtue. Her slackened passions are reawakened, and the world becomes again more powerful in its attractions."

"Contrition is sorrow for sin. How happy is that soul when it finds itself disposed to saintliness! The tears which form in her heart, and which flow from her eyes, have the power of washing away her sins; and the flames of charity purify all which lust had befouled. What lights illumine her spirit, what modesty adorns her face, what regularity marks her conduct! She thinks of the temptations of life only with horror, and detests them with all her heart!"

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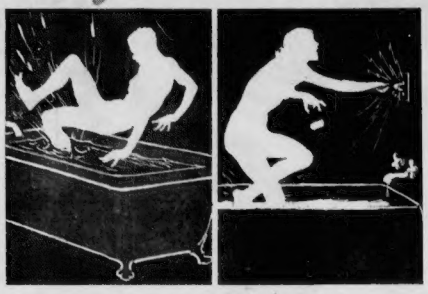
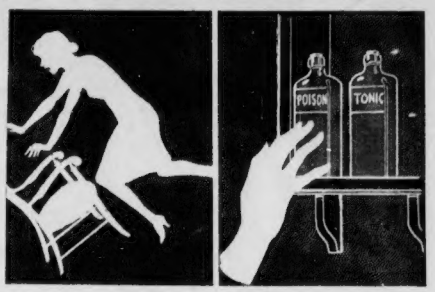
Why the Home Is More Dangerous Than the Automobile



Among the Most Frequent Mishaps in the Home Is That Caused by Slipping On a Piece of Soap in the Bathtub.

Dangerous and Sometimes Fatal Accidents Occur When You Touch an Electric Switch While Your Body Is Wet.

This Year 1 Person in Every 22 Will Meet with a Serious Accident, and 1 in Every 312 Will Be Killed in the House —Here Is a Questionnaire That Earnestly Studied May Save You from Being Among Them



Falling Over Chairs or Other Pieces of Furniture in a Dark Room Causes Thousands of Injuries Every Year.

Poison Should Be Placed in Bottles Entirely Different from Those Containing Medicine, to Avoid Fatal Errors.

THE automobile has been accused of being the chief cause of accidents resulting in injury or death in the United States, but a survey of 1936 shows that the home is still the leading offender.

In 1936, there were 38,500 fatal accidents in homes throughout the United States as compared to 37,800 caused by automobiles.

The survey of last year has not yet been completed, but from figures already available it is evident that the home will surpass the automobile in this distressing record, probably by an even greater total.

Furthermore, the National Safety Council, which has been investigating the reason for this disturbing increase in accidents about the home, has estimated that during the present year one person in every twenty-two will be seriously injured at home and one in every 312 will be accidently killed there. This is an astonishing prediction but it is based on accurate statistics.

Yet the alarming number of accidents in the home could easily be reduced, and on this page today The American Weekly prints a questionnaire based on the findings of the National Safety Council and designed as a test to show just how safe you are in your home.

Study the questions carefully, pick the answer in each group which you think is the right one and then turn to the correct answers on Page 19.

If you can answer all the questions correctly, and in each situation would really follow the course approved by the Council, you are by instinct a careful person and probably will get through the year without a serious accident, barring something unforeseen. If you answer twelve of the questions correctly, which is about average, you are reasonably safe.

But if you get less than ten of the answers correct, you are running a risk every time you walk through the front door and you had better check up on yourself and your habits and every little thing about your home that might cause an accident.

Some people are naturally careful and others are naturally careless, but it is possible for everyone to train himself to be more careful and the findings of the Council certainly indicate that this would be an excellent idea for the average person. That is the reason this questionnaire is being printed. It does not cover all the serious risks people are running every day in their homes, of course, but it is based upon some of the more common ones, adroitly picked by experts, who consider it a fair test of anybody's instinct for safety. The purpose of the test is not merely to help correct the faults disclosed by incorrect answers but also to prove that it is advisable for most people to look around for similar faults that need to be corrected.

How many home owners, for instance, ever give any thought to whether or not all the pictures on the walls are securely fastened to the right kind of hangers? Yet every year, a number of persons are injured or killed when heavy picture frames fall on them. Likewise, grown-ups as well as children are continually leaning against weak window screens and tumbling out to the ground, when it would be so easy to prevent this by inspecting all the screens at regular intervals and repairing or replacing the ones that are no longer safe.

It is an old joke to say that the bed is the most dangerous place in the world because more people die in bed than anywhere else. But statistics show that thousands of people are injured every year getting in and out of bed—the record being about 40,000 in 1928, which was evidently a bad year for beds, for some unknown reason. On one occasion a man exuberantly dived head first into his bed, breaking his neck and dying before a doctor got to him. Another time a man groping for his bed after putting out the light, bumped his nose against the bedpost, which caused blood poisoning to set in, resulting in his death. Still another man tried to find his bed after putting out the light, walked right on past it and fell out of an open window.

Frequently people jump up out of bed in the middle of the night, to answer the telephone or the door bell, and hurt themselves badly by stumbling over a chair in an unaccustomed place or running into a bureau drawer carelessly left open.

But the most dangerous place in the home is the bathroom. So many people are injured in the bathtub that it has been facetiously suggested that this familiar household equipment should be classed as a dangerous weapon. The most common cause of bathroom accidents is slipping on a piece of wet soap, either in the tub or on the tile floor, when there is no convenient hand-rail for support, as there should be near every bathtub. People who slip and fall this way often break their arms, legs, collar-bones or other bones, and sometimes fracture their skulls, which is often a fatal injury.

Many Broken Bones and Other Injuries, Sometimes Permanent, Are Due to Shaky, Unstabilized Stepladders Used in the Hanging of Pictures or Drapes in the Home.

Surveys Show Many Odd Accidents Such as This Case of One Sister Who Was Killed by Walking Into the Pantry and Running Into a Knife Carried by Another Sister.

Insurance Companies Have Long Lists of Eye Injuries. Many of These Are Due to Pet Birds That Peck at the Eyeballs of Their Owners.

Another grave danger in the bathroom is the electric shock that may come from touching lighting or heating apparatus with wet hands, or what is worse, when the whole body is wet. Most of the resistance which the body offers to the passage of electricity is provided by a very thin layer of dry, horny skin on the outer surface. In ordinary household lighting wires the current is only about 110 volts, which is usually not strong enough to cause serious injury by penetrating the resistant layer of skin, so long as the skin is dry.

But to wet the skin lowers its resistance to electricity. To stand in a tub full of water—which is, of course, connected to the ground through the drain pipe and is thus a perfect conductor for current—and then touch a bare, live wire with wet hands is almost certain death.

Probably not many people would be so foolish as to touch a bare electric wire on purpose, but sometimes this very thing actually happens by accident. One of the wires may have had its protective insulation worn off, so that the bare wire comes into unseen contact with the metal part of the fixture somewhere inside the device. To touch such a "short-circuited" fixture with wet hands, especially when the feet are in a tub of water or any part of the body is in contact with metal objects connected to the ground or the household piping, is a very grave risk. Every year scores of people throughout the country are killed in this way.

Other people seriously scald themselves in shower baths by getting the faucets mixed, or by turning on the hot one too suddenly.

Others have heart attacks or spells of fainting or vertigo, and are drowned before anybody discovers them.

One great reason for the seriousness of bathroom mishaps is the habit of locking the bathroom door. The person who is injured has difficulty trying to get out or may be injured further. Persons outside fail to learn that anything has gone wrong until too late, or are unable to aid until tools have been brought to force open the door.

"Not many people," it has been pointed out, "would deliberately shut themselves inside a locked closet with a tiger or a rattlesnake. Yet prudery has led most men into a habit almost as silly—that of locking themselves in a bathroom full of dangerous articles whenever they take a bath."

Then, of course, there is the bathroom medicine chest, in which all poisons should be kept in bottles entirely different from those containing medicine, and clearly marked to avoid fatal errors—such as mistaking bichloride of mercury tablets for aspirin or disinfectant for cough syrup.

According to the survey, disorder around the house, leaving things where they shouldn't be, is responsible for one out of every six accidents. Children will drink gasoline, lye, camphor or almost any deadly or sickening stuff that is left out where they can find it instead of being safely locked up. They will chew on razor blades or swallow pins or any other small and dangerous objects that have carelessly been left in waste baskets. And many grown-ups have come tumbling head over heels down stairs, suffering serious injuries, after tripping over the children's toys, which have been left on the steps—a place where children should never be allowed to play.

Next to disorderly housekeeping, the survey shows that the most common cause of home accidents is the improper use of equipment or apparatus—trying to use something unsuited for the task, or trying to get by with something that is rickety or broken. This accounts for one accident in every ten. The housewife, for instance, who thinks she can open a can of food with a bread knife just as well as with a safe type of can opener is simply inviting disaster. And every year a number of people discover to their sorrow that the shaky old stepladders they have been using for years should have been repaired long ago, or chopped up and used for kindling wood.

People are frequently bumped on the head, knocked down and maybe badly hurt by the swinging door from the kitchen to the dining room—all because they won't take the trouble to make sure that nobody is coming the other way before they start through. One of the strangest accidents of this sort occurred when one sister started through a swinging door and ran right into a sharp knife which another sister was carrying on a plate. She died from the injury.

As for small rugs slipping on polished

(Continued on Page 19)

15 Tests to Show How Safe You Are About Your Home

Only ONE of the three answers to each of the following fifteen questions is correct.

(TURN TO PAGE 19 FOR THE RIGHT ANSWERS.)

1—Your visitors have stayed late. When they leave, the first thing you should do is:

a—**Bolt the front door securely and check windows to prevent robbery.**

b—**Look over furniture and ash trays to make sure all cigarettes and cigars have been extinguished.**

c—**Remove all uncovered food to prevent it from becoming tainted.**

2—Your wife is using an electric curling iron to curl her hair. She should use this appliance:

a—**In the bathroom.**
b—**In the living room.**
c—**In the bedroom.**

3—A small rug has been badly stained but you don't want to throw it away. Therefore you put it in one of the following places where the stain won't show:

a—**At the head of the stairs.**
b—**On the back porch.**
c—**At the bottom of the stairs.**

4—You are using a single or extension ladder to hang a picture on the wall. It is safest to place the ladder so that its base is far enough away from the wall to equal:

a—**One-sixth the length of the ladder.**
b—**One-fourth the length of the ladder.**
c—**One-half the length of the ladder.**

5—You have a bottle of a poisonous disinfectant which it is absolutely necessary for you to leave in the bathroom medicine chest. The best precaution to take is to:

a—**Mark its contents plainly on the label and write the word "Poison" in large letters.**
b—**Keep the bottle well away from others containing harmless liquids.**
c—**Stick a pin through the cork, sharp point up.**

6—It is a cold night but you must leave a window open so your three-year-old child can have fresh air. Therefore you do one of the following:

a—**Dress him in a warmer sleeping suit.**
b—**Add more blankets.**
c—**Shut the windows tight.**

7—The safest type of water faucet handles for you to install in your bath tub is made of:

a—**Porcelain.**
b—**Metal.**
c—**Glass.**

8—You are checking your rooms carefully to minimize the risk of falls. The most fatal room in this respect is:

a—**The living room.**
b—**The kitchen.**
c—**The bedroom.**

9—Your wife is sewing in the living room while your four-year-old daughter is playing there. You must make sure that one of the following is not left in the wastebasket:

a—**Cloth remnants.**
b—**Discarded buttons.**
c—**Discarded thread.**

10—There is a small closet in the attic, where cleaning rags, floor polish and other odds and ends of household use may be stored out of sight. Which of the three following articles should not be stored in this closet, unless unusual precautions are taken:

1. Garden rake.
2. Vacuum cleaner.
3. Oil mop.

11—Your wife is about to fry potatoes in deep fat. She should be cautioned to:

a—**Wash the potatoes and put them in the pan while still wet.**
b—**Dry them before placing them in the pan.**
c—**Put them in the pan wet and then add the fat.**

12—You, your wife and your mother are sleeping in the house when a fire starts. The first thing for you to do is:

a—**Phone the fire department.**
b—**Throw water on the flame.**
c—**Make sure your wife and mother are accounted for.**

13—You are about to rent a new house. It is important that you pay the greatest attention to which of the following three:

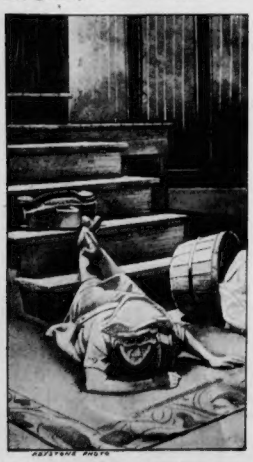
a—**The hallway stairs.**
b—**The living room fireplace.**
c—**The basement storeroom.**

14—Your sixty-six-year-old father is a guest in your house. It is most important that you take steps to prevent an accident to him due to:

a—**Electrical shock.**
b—**Suffocation.**
c—**Falls.**

15—There is a new cook in your house. Since your young son has a habit of wandering into the kitchen, you instruct the cook to place her pots on the stove so that:

a—**The handles are turned outward towards her.**
b—**The handles are turned inward, away from her.**
c—**The handles are removed and a pot-lifter used.**



Rugs on Slippery Floors and Impediments on the Stairs Never Fail to Take a Heavy Toll in Broken Bones and Bruises.

The Housewife Who Imagines That She Can Easily Open a Can of Food With a Bread Knife Soon Learns a Can-Opener Is Better.

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Rich in EXTRA FLAVOR!

because all the savory goodness is brewed in!

READY TO SERVE
HEINZ
VEGETARIAN SOUP
VEGETABLE SOUP WITHOUT MEAT
WITHOUT MEAT!
AS YOU LIKE IT!
WITH MEAT!
If you prefer vegetable soup enhanced by the lusty, heartening flavor of meat, you'll like Heinz old-fashioned Vegetable Soup with beef stock! Order several cans, and you'll see why this is America's favorite!

YOU'LL notice an *extra* richness, an *extra* goodness with your very first sip of Heinz Vegetarian Vegetable Soup! That's because this latest addition to the Heinz soup line is made with typical Heinz attention to all the nice little "homey" details.

Small Batch Cooking

Heinz chefs "brew in" the flavor by carefully cooking this delicious, nourishing soup in small batches—in shiny, open kettles!

You could shop and market for *days* without finding vegetables to equal those Heinz uses in Heinz Vegetarian Vegetable Soup! Big, juicy tomatoes, mealy lima beans, plump little peas—the pick of a whole gardenful of choice vegetables artfully blended together by Heinz chefs. No meat stock is added!

Fully-Prepared

Like all Heinz 23 Home-style Soups, this newest creation is fully prepared. There's no fuss—no bother—nothing to add. Just heat, serve, and enjoy real honest-to-goodness *home-tasting* soup!

23 KINDS—Cream of Oyster • Cream of Celery • Cream of Tomato • Cream of Spinach • Cream of Green Pea • Cream of Asparagus • Cream of Mushroom • Cream of Bean • Bean Soup with Ham • Onion Soup • Consommé • Consommé Pepper Pot • Vegetable Soup • Vegetable Beef Soup • Chicken Gumbo Chowder • Vegetable Soup • Genuine Turtle Soup • Chicken Gumbo Mock Turtle • Scotch Broth • Chicken with Rice • Vegetarian Vegetable. Madrilène • Chicken with Noodle Soup • Chicken with Rice • Vegetarian Vegetable. (Creole) •

Heinz 57

HOME STYLE SOUPS

Tune in HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR 5 to 5:30 p. m. E. S. T. every Sunday, Columbia Network. Also, tune in Carol Kennedy's Romance 11:15 a. m. E. S. T. daily, Mon. through Fri. over many Columbia stations.

ALONE

ALONE in its class, undisputed condiment leader is Heinz Tomato Ketchup! For it's the world's favorite flavor—the world's largest-selling ketchup—the world's easiest short cut to culinary stardom! This spicy sauce has a *sip*, a *zing*, a *zest* all its own, because it's made from Heinz "aristocrat" tomatoes, Heinz Vintage Vinegar, and Heinz imported spices. Just a dash or two enlivens an entire dish! Keep a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup on the table—another near the stove. You'll agree, there's *no other one!*

Heinz TOMATO KETCHUP 57

"THESE ARE THE BEANS YOUR HUSBAND MEANS!"

WHEN your husband hints he has a hankering for an old New England bean feast, let Heinz chefs come to your rescue! They've recreated *exactly*—in Heinz Oven-Baked Boston-style Beans—that delicious dish of his boyhood! Tender, mealy, *thoroughly baked* beans—sauced with rich molasses, sugar, and spice—topped with juicy pork. Heinz bakes three other kinds: in tomato sauce with pork; in tomato sauce *without* pork; and red kidney beans. Take your pick!

Heinz OVEN BAKED BEANS

BABIES "COO" FOR IT!

GIVE your dimpled dictator foods of the same high quality you enjoy—Heinz Strained Foods. He'll coo his approval! Most babies prefer Heinz rich color and fresh, tasty flavor. Heinz uses only the world's finest fruits, vegetables, meats, and cereals—cooks them with dry steam and packs them under vacuum. Choose from 12 tempting kinds!

12 KINDS!

Heinz STRAINED FOODS

JUST HEAT IT -EAT IT AND CHEER!

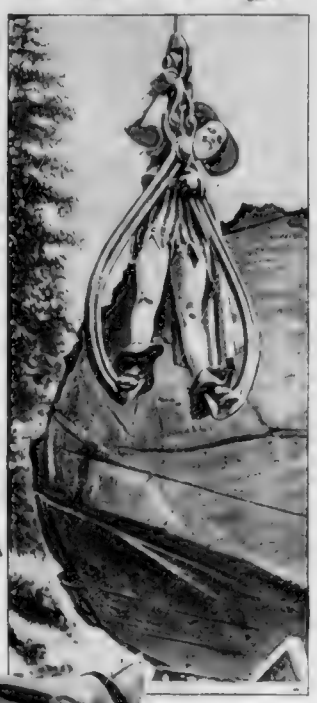
SERVING a rugged, robust meal is easy as 1-2-3 with Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! 1—Heat! 2—Eat! 3—Listen to 'em cheer! These tender, tomato-sauced strands are delicious just as they come from the tin—or mixed with leftovers. Keep a supply on hand for emergency entertaining.

Heinz COOKED SPAGHETTI

Probably No Girl Ever Had to Do So Many Things

Swimming, Skiing, Rolling Logs, Mud Baths, Driving Tractors, Dancing and a Hundred Other Chores All in the Day's Work for Pretty Zoe Dell Lantis, Theme Model for San Francisco 1939 Exposition

Another Interesting Photograph of the Pirate Girl Showing Her in a Tumbling Routine Which in Itself Is Sufficient to Keep Her in Perfect Physical Form



Zoe Dell Starts Her Busy Day in a Foamy Tub Before Donning Her Familiar Pirate Costume.

The Pretty Exposition Model Posed as a Figure in the Great Seal of the State of California

Miss Lantis Skiing from the Snow-Capped Heights of Mt. Larsen to the Semi Tropical Climate Below

IF THERE'S some legendary prank a [illegible] passed to make a [illegible] young [illegible] from Maine to California a man are photographed in tight-fitting bathing suits for [illegible] purposes posed that they could [illegible] easily. Lifesavers would have to work overtime in throughout and a

If another law were passed to compel all [illegible] misses who pose as ski girls, tennis [illegible] golf [illegible] and outdoor girls to show [illegible] they actually represent [illegible] abrasions and [illegible] would double overnight.

Nevertheless there would be one bright ray of consolation. Miss Zoe Dell Lantis, beautiful 20-year-old pirate theme girl for San Francisco's 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, would not only pass all such tests with flying colors but she'd turn in a perfect performance which would prove that publicity photographers don't always take pictures with the tongue in the cheek.

Probably no other attractive girl has ever had to do so many things as Miss Lantis does in her capacity as photographic model for the Exposition. Just to maintain a few she has posed for the camera in submarine, climbed mountains, rolled logs, taken mud baths, driven tractors, danced on top of the Empire State Building, jumped across a [illegible] deep canyon in Arizona, tap danced [illegible] for the [illegible] frame four hundred [illegible] the Big [illegible] and gone swimming with [illegible].

In each and every case she has emerged from the trials with [illegible] and powder puff intact [illegible] fresh bunch of marriage proposals [illegible] received gently but firmly.

Some people seek fame and fortune. Others have it thrust upon them. Miss Lantis embarked upon the unique career which has made her known throughout the entire country quite by accident.

Along with hundreds of others of visitors she was inspecting the site of the forthcoming Golden Gate International Exposition where during one of the preliminary ceremonies some of California's native products were being displayed.

The Exposition publicity men had persuaded an important Easterner, the owner of a large corporation, to pose for a picture in front of a booth featuring California oranges. He was all dressed ready to take the picture when it occurred to him that a photograph of an elderly gentleman with a bay window in front of a stand of prize winning oranges left something to be desired.

In perplexity he happened to glance at Zoe Dell who was watching the proceedings with interest. "Ah hah!" he said to himself, "a pretty girl. Just what the picture needs."

He approached her and asked her if she would be willing to pose in the act of presenting a basket of oranges to the Easterner. She smiled her consent.

Zoe Dell was given a big basket of oranges and she stepped close to the Easterner, smiling up at him from her height of five feet four. She saw him smile back, then suddenly look worried and turn slightly green.

Following his gaze and hearing a commotion she saw that a prize winning bull had broken loose from where it had been tied and was loping through the crowd which respectfully parted [illegible].

There was [illegible] that if the bull continued its course [illegible] Zoe Dell, the Easterner and [illegible] prize oranges would meet in a most informal manner. Nevertheless a promise was a promise. She had said that she would pose and she would keep her word. She stayed right where she was. So did the now trembling Easterner. As for the bull, he was so amazed at such audacity that he shifted his course and plowed into an avocado booth, where he was soon captured.

After the picture had been taken to everyone's satisfaction, the publicity man thanked Zoe Dell whole-heartedly. It was just what he wanted, he said. As for Zoe Dell, she was a brave girl not to have fled at the bull's approach. Especially since the Easterner himself had looked as if he was preparing to bolt.

"Oh, he couldn't have run," Zoe Dell said demurely. "You see, I was standing on both of his feet to prevent him."

The publicity man took a long look at her.

"Come into my office," he said, "I want to have a little talk with you."

Bright and early on the following morning Zoe Dell started her unusual job as Theme Girl for the Golden Gate International Exposition. "It sounds like an attractive position," she had said, when she was told that she would get a good salary, have an opportunity to travel and to meet people. "But just what does a Theme Girl do?"

The answer to Zoe Dell's question is given in the pictures shown on this page, some of the most unusual ever taken in a day of the life of an attractive young Theme Girl.

At the top left she is shown preparing for her day's routine in a tubful of foamy suds. On her very first day of employment she discovered that photographers are an impatient lot and have no more respect for a lady in a bathtub than a plumber looking for a leak. Her job began with a big smile for the photographers, while under her breath she hummed an improvised theme song of "Soap Gets In My Eyes."

When Zoe Dell really got going, however, she learned that doing nip-ups, back tumbles and similar stunts all came under the heading of "Day's Work for Theme Girl." She had plenty of opportunity to limber up in gymnastics, in which she was an expert, as shown above, before she was rushed off to pose for the picture at the top right, in which she is pictured swinging from the hooks of a giant lumber derrick, while immediately behind her is an-

It's Part of Zoe Dell's Big-Iron Routine to Swing from the Hooks of a Giant Lumber Derrick While Smiling Prettily for the Pulitzer Photographs

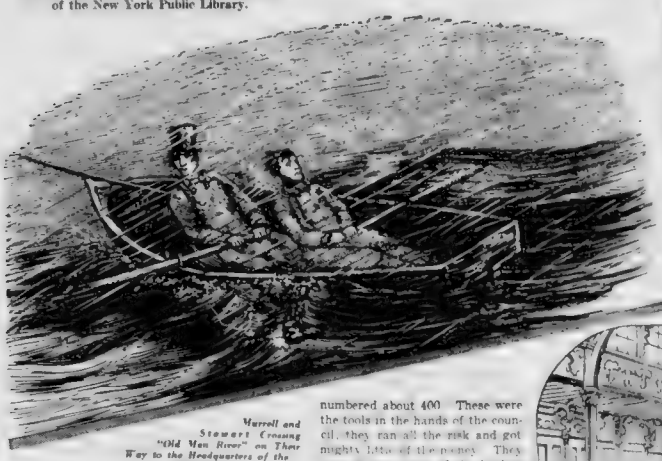
[illegible] Zoe Dell [illegible] Exposition [illegible] Zoe Dell [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"OLD MAN RIVER" By Capt. Louis Rosche

Chapters From the Vanished Pageant of the Mississippi and Its Tributaries---Romantic, Tragic and Adventurous, the Heroines and Heroes, Bad Men and Bad Women Who Traveled the Historic Water-Road---Told by the Last of Its Old-Time Captains

John Murrell, Slave-Stealer, River Desperado and Leader of the "Mystic Clan." Courtesy of the New York Public Library.

Murrell Stealing a Slave to Be Resold or Made a Member of His "Mystic Clan." A Bunch of Cutthroats Who Wanted to Organize the Slaves Into a Rebellious Army to Gain Control of Lands in the Southwest.



Murrell and Stewart Crossing "Old Man River" on Their Way to the Headquarters of the "Mystic Clan"

Sunday Morning Service on Board the Old Steamboat "Ruth."

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboats.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE noticed all my life that any time and anywhere I was traveling there was a preacher or two on the stage coach or boat or train. And so it used to be in the old pioneer days. I don't remember any trip on boats where I was mate or captain that there weren't some passengers with round collars, white ties and long black coats.

Everybody treated a parson mighty nice. The clerk gave him the best cabin and charged him half price. He got the best seat at the table. The women kind of mothered him and gamblers and roughnecks quit swearing when he was around. But now and then we got imposed on by some scamp who dressed and acted like a preacher to cover up some cutthroat deviltry he was up to.

I have talked with quite a lot of other old river captains and I reckon I don't make any mistake in saying John Murrell was the worst of the fake preachers. Murrell stole in a small kind of way in a horse thief in Tennessee and Alabama and nearby states and he had a right smart scheme. He rigged himself up as a traveling preacher and when he came to a town everybody was glad to see him because there mostly were no churches.

Murrell would circulate around among the well-to-do planters and eat and pray at their houses and they would fix up things for him to hold a meeting the next Sunday. While he was preaching, his gang who had kept out of sight, would lead off as many of the best horses that were hitched outside as they could handle and run them off into the next state. Nobody guessed that the preacher, and he was a good one, had anything to do with it.

There was a good living in horse stealing, a fine horse would sell from $200 up. But a slave would sell from $500 to $1,000 and that looked to Murrell like a better line of work. And the way he had it figured out a slave would sometimes bring him three or four times that amount. Murrell was a slick preacher and a slick thief.

Murrell would get talking to a negro and promise if he would run away from his master and let him sell him to another, he should give him part of the money. Then he should run away from his new master and come back to Murrell and be sold again. The poor slaves fell for this hoping to save up money enough to buy their freedom. Sometimes Murrell would sell a slave three or four times until he had made $3,000 or $4,000 off just one Negro. But after the third or fourth time the gang always murdered the slave and threw his body into the Mississippi. That got rid of the only witness that could make trouble for them.

That bogus preacher had a big gang working for him ready to help any of the outfit that was in trouble. This gang was made up of two classes. The heads or council as they were called who planned out their schemes but didn't often show themselves, amounted to about 200. The other class acted as agents and were called strikers, and numbered about 400. These were the tools in the hands of the council. they ran all the risk and got mighty little of the money. They were in the power of the leaders of the gang who would turn on them at any time by handing them over to the courts or sinking their bodies in the Mississippi.

The general hangout of the gang was on the Arkansas side of the river where they hid their Negroes in the swamps and canebrakes. Although Murrell was a cutthroat at heart, he was a good talker before people. He was able to put any proposition that was [illegible] over.

One time Murrell got away with a couple of slaves that belonged to Mr. Leon Henning, a planter on Madison County Tennessee. And Virgil Stewart, a young friend of Mr. Henning's, almost caught the gang on the outlaw. A ferryboat keeper pointed out the direction Murrell and Stewart and [illegible] were taking to him as they jogged along the road. Stewart spurred up by saying he was hunting for a horse that one of a friend's from [illegible] asked Murrell if he had seen it.

"No, I haven't," Murrell replied watching Stewart out of the corner of his eye. "Maybe some of Murrell's gang got it."

"Murrell? Who's he?"

"Ain't you never heard of Murrell? Well, I'll tell you, he's a right smart fellow who figures there ain't no sense in letting all the rich cotton planters gobble up everything for themselves. So when he sees something he wants, he just takes it."

"By cracky," said Stewart, "ever so often I feels that same way myself."

They kept on talking like that, as they rode on down the road, each one feeling the other out. After awhile they came to a place that belonged to a friend of Murrell's, and the outlaw asked Stewart to spend the night there. Pretty soon Murrell was bragging about one of the things he'd done.

"You know a preacher over in Madison County named Henn ne?"

"I've heard of him," said Stewart.

"Well, I made off with a couple of his niggers sold 'em down in Mississippi."

"Go on," said Stewart, "first thing I know you'll be telling me you're Murrell."

"Eye God, I am Murrell."

"Well, I'll be dod-blamed. You just the kind of man I been looking for. I ain't got no home. An old skinflint done foreclosed the mortgage on our farm. So I sure would like to go along with you."

Murrell laughed.

"What you reckon I asked you to stay here all night for? I can read a man like a book. When I see a young fellow I want in my gang I commence to talking about Murrell like he was somebody else. If the man looks intrusted in getting rich 'thout working too hard, I keep leading him on, and then let out who I am. If he shies away from the things I tell him about Murrell, I change the subject and let him go, maybe."

That's how that thieving preacher fell into the trap that fell him up, figuring all the time he was the smart one. Pretty soon he was telling Stewart things that just about made the young fellow's hair stand on end.

He said he was getting the Negroes all over the country worked up for an uprising against their white owners and was forming them into a Mystic Clan. When they took a Negro into the Clan they marched him out into the woods at night made him kiss a dead body in a coffin. They figured that any Negro who would go through that would do pretty nearly anything and wouldn't go back on them in a pinch. But he didn't just aim to free the slaves. What he was after was getting together a real army of cutthroats, so he could rule the roost.

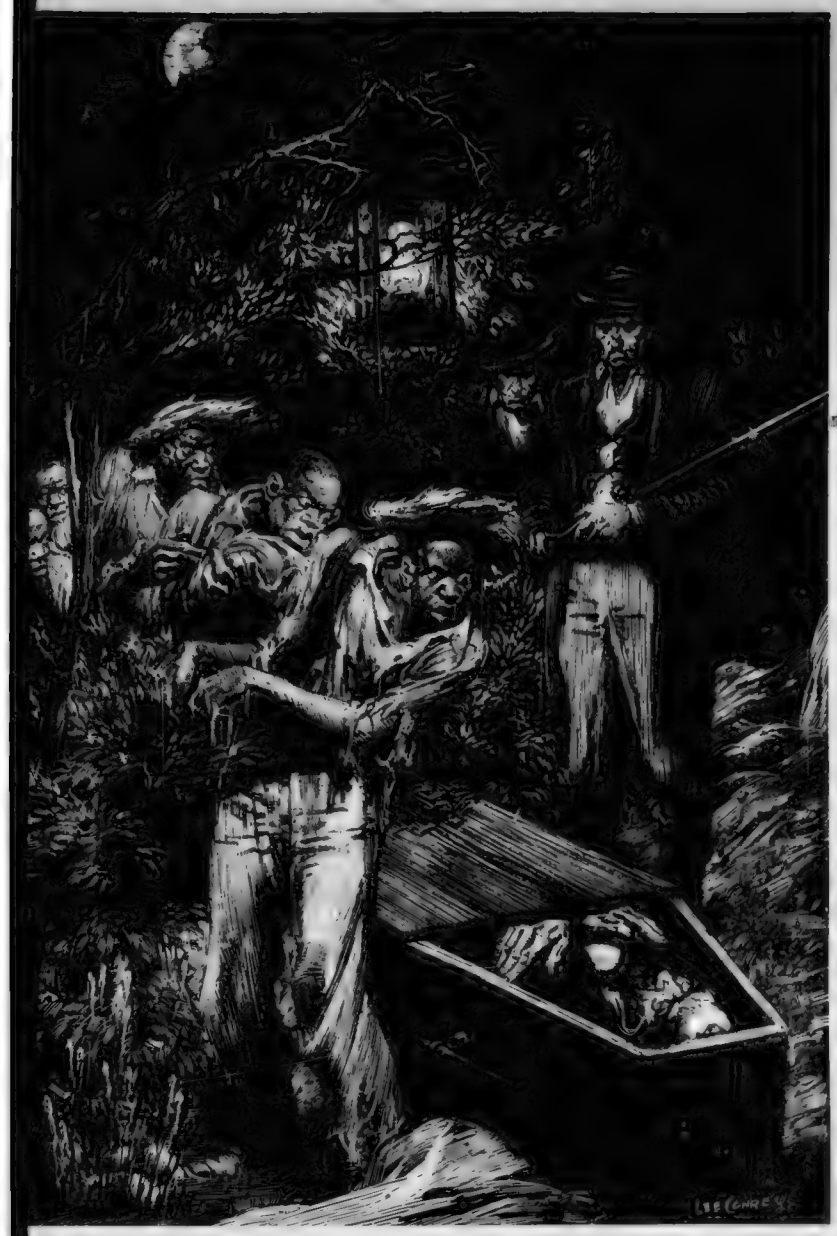
"Ain't nothing to killing," Murrell said. "Anybody can do that. What counts is planning a job, and I figure you're just the smart kind of young fellow who'd be good at that. So I'm going to take you along with me and make you a member of my council."

The next morning they set out for the hide-out where the council held its meeting, and as they rode along Murrell kept on bragging about the stunts he and his gang had pulled.

The fake minister told Stewart that one time he was tramping along on foot from New Orleans to Natchez when he came across a man riding a fine-looking horse. He made the man get off and strip down to his underclothes. The traveler dropped down on his knees and begged Murrell to give him time to pray but the bogus preacher just laughed at him and shot him through the back of the head. Then he ripped him open, filled him with rocks and threw the body in a creek. He found around $600 in the pockets of the traveler's pants, and after taking that he sunk all the clothes in the creek except the boots, which were new and fitted him just right. Then he got on the horse and rode on in to Natchez, to preach at a camp meeting.

After Murrell Stole a Slave He Would Cut Away the Brand Marks and Burn On His Own Sign of the "Mystic Clan." Wood Engraving.

Another time Murrell and a fellow named Crenshaw were riding through the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee when they caught up with a young man from South Carolina and got to talking to him. He said he'd gone down to Knoxville to buy some hogs but when he got there he found they were too high so he was going back without them.



When they took a Negro into the Mystic Clan they marched him out into the woods at night and made him kiss a dead body in a tomb. They figured that any Negro who would go through that would do pretty nearly anything and wouldn't go back on them in a pinch. But John Murrell didn't just aim to free the slaves. What he was after was getting together a real army of cutthroats, so he could rule the roost.

Murrell Shooting the Traveler. From an Old Print.

Right away the cutthroats figured he must be well heeled, so Crenshaw winked at Murrell. Murrell didn't know the reason at Crenshaw did so, the first person he shot was Crenshaw, who watch was loaded with about a pound of lead in the butt, and pretty soon when they came to a precipice Crenshaw split open the South Carolina man's head with it. They went through his pockets and found around $1,500, and then tumbled his body over the cliff.

Not long after that Murrell and Crenshaw had a runaway slave holden out in the woods, waiting for a chance to sell him, when they came across a notice stuck up on a tree describing them as the fellows who had made off with that Negro and offering a reward for them. Well, that made them figure things were getting a little too hot around there, so they took the Negro they weighed to take him into the Mystic Clan. But they told him they'd have to 'nitiate him first, then he could wear a fancy hat with turkey feathers in it and boss the other Negroes around. So they led him down to a creek one night and put him through a lot of rigmarole, making him swear on a Bible that he wouldn't ever let out anything that went on. Then they blew his brains out, slit him open, loaded his body with rocks and dumped it in the creek, where the catfish would eat it up. While he was telling Stewart about it, Murrell laughed fit to kill.

Murrell and Stewart rode on down the Mississippi valley for a week or so, stopping every now and then to tell different Negroes to get all set for the uprising, and at last they came to the hide-out, which was a big log house on the edge of a swamp, with a lot of little cabins around it. There was about fifty or sixty Negroes living in the cabins, waiting for the uprising to commence, and in the big house there was about a dozen members of the council. They took Stewart in right away, putting him through a regularie, and then told him everything they aimed to do.

He stuck around three or four days and then told Murrell he had to go on back down the trail a little piece and find some papers he had lost. By that time Stewart had all those cutthroats thinking he was just as crooked as they were, so they let him go, figuring he'd be back pretty soon.

Well, he did come back, but not until he had gone on over to the closest town and told everybody what Murrell's gang was aiming to do. And when he came back he had about fifty men with h... They kicked in the door and grabbed Murrell and the rest of the bunch before they had time to get hold of their rifles.

They had Murrell in jail, waiting to go to trial, when a woman who said she was his wife came to see him and slipped him a saw made of a watch spring and a little file for cutting iron bars. He worked on the bars at night and in the daytime he kept his tools hidden in some holes he bored in the bottom of the legs of an old wooden bedstead, which they had given him to sleep on. Every morning he'd plug up the holes and rub brown soap over them, and then smear in some dirt, so nobody would notice them.

But all the time he kept worrying about what he was going to do when he got out. Then one morning he was looking out the window when he saw one of his men, who was deaf and dumb, peeping out from behind some bushes and waving to him. Murrell had already picked up the deaf and dumb sign language so he could work out his different schemes with this fellow, so they didn't have any trouble fixing it up where they would find a bunch of horses waiting for him. And when he broke out of jail at last he made a clean get-away.

But just like a lot of other smart fellows the trouble with Murrell was he couldn't leave liquor alone. Three or four weeks later he was down in Florence, Alabama, and nobody had any notion who he was, but he had to go on a tear with some men he got next up with. Pretty soon the liquor got to working on him and he commenced bragging. Then the cat was out of the bag. One of them sneaked off and got the sheriff, and the last thing Murrell knew he was in jail again.

But when it came to trying him they were up a tree. Every one had told Stewart everybody was bad, sure had murdered a lot of people, but no body could prove any of the things. They hunted high and low but never could find anything that would do in a law court so at last they just had to try him for Negro stealing. They didn't have any trouble proving that so they sent him to prison for ten years and he died there a couple of years later.

Some of these preachers I used to hear about or run across every now and then were set extra hard against one thing and some against something else. In my early steamboating days most everybody liked a little liquor, and so did the Indians. But they liked it too much, and when the Redskins got hold of any they kept on drinking until they got murderous crazy. So there was a law against selling rum to an Indian and it was a right and proper law, too.

But the fur traders up and down the rivers always aimed to swap liquor for furs and that suited the Indians all right—they would bring their skins to the trader who had "fire-water." The government agents and the soldiers were supposed to search boats for the stuff but didn't bother them very hard.

Up the Missouri River beyond Fort Leavenworth the government agent was a man named Miller. He had been a Methodist parson and was dead set against rum. Everybody knew it and it was some job to get the contraband past him because he would hold up a boat until he had looked into everything except the boilers.

Captain Joe Sire and Joe La Barge, his pilot, were running the old stern-wheeler "Nimrod" on the Missouri, and this trip they had a lot of whiskey for a fur company way up the river. Miller was Indian Agent at Bellevue and they knew he would look the freight over with a sharp eye. He was used to all kinds of tricks to get the stuff past him and poked around the boxes and packages, now and then breaking one open and pushing a long, thin needle into bundles that might have a keg inside of them.

Captain Sire and La Barge put their heads together and figured out a scheme to beat the minister. They had the liquor packed inside barrels of flour and marked for the fur company's agent right there at Bellevue. The idea was to run those flour barrels ashore, figuring that Miller wouldn't bother with them knowing he had lots of time to look them over after the boat had left. Then they aimed to hustle them on board again and get away quick.

Soon as the boat was tied up at the Bellevue landing the mate had the roustabouts rolling the barrels into the warehouse. He counted them and each with a ten gallon keg of rum inside. The agent paid no attention to the flour barrels but started right in searching the boat. Of course Miller didn't find anything and told Captain Sire he could go along up the river. But it seemed like there was something wrong in the engine room, and the chief engineer figured it would take near all night to fix it. Everything about the boat looked all right but the agent knew Sire and La Barge were a slick pair so when he went up home he left a man to watch the boat and wouldn't have were signs of anybody being around.

Lights were put aboard the steamboat and things seemed very quiet, so the government agent's watchman dropped asleep in a chair up at the head of the landing. But just after midnight La Barge crept out with some of the crew and began spreading canvas tarpaulins on the gangplank and pretty soon the wheels of the rum-barrels came out of the darkness, lashed up to the warehouse and began rolling the flour barrels back on board the steamboat. It wasn't long before they were all back in the freight deck and about this time the watchman woke up and got through his head that something funny was going on.

He knew it was time and Miller stumbled into his clothes and ran down to the landing. La Barge saw him coming at last and waved with a sweep, yelling to the roustabouts ahead. The engineer had kept up a good head of steam, and in another couple of minutes the boat had backed out into the river. Miller cussed and stormed, but there was no way to know what made the boat get away so quick without waiting to find out. La Barge says he's heard out of the boat's crew and said the mixup had been so fast they figured it was best to start right then that they'd get as well going.

George heard the slick gambler I've already told about boasting about cheating with preachers, and I came near to be entertaining to hear him holding forth about them. One time I was on the steamboat E. H. Fairchild and got decoyed up around $7,000 when a parson from Indiana came up while George was losing it. The captain and asked if he could preach a sermon. It was all right with the captain so the preacher took George's arm and said:

"Young man, I saw you running that gambling game and I want you to come in the main cabin and sit right in the front row. I don't want you to miss anything I say."

He said plenty too—about George and gambling, with a heap of sulphur and brimstone thrown in to boot. But George sat there like a deacon and never cracked a smile.

Later on the gambler went to his own cabin and changed his clothes, dressing himself up like the son of a rich planter, on the way home from college. He put on a false mustache and gold spectacles, and then went back to the main cabin and got to talking to the preacher. Pretty soon he told how he had been roped into a game of three-card monte and lost $500. He said he had picked up the cards later on where they had dropped on the floor, and had them in his cabin.

"Oh," said the minister, "I sure would like to see them and learn how that game is played, so I can preach against it."

So they went to George's cabin and after the gambler showed him how to play the game the preacher said:

"It looks easy to me. I don't see how anybody could lose money on that."

"Well," said George, "just for the fun of it let's try it out. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put up $100 and you do the same, and if you win you can give it to the missionary fund."

The preacher got all excited and swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker, and pretty soon George had won about $800, which the poor old fellow had raised to build a new parsonage. Then George bet the whole wad against the preacher's gold watch and chain, which his congregation had given him, and won that, too. After the preacher left, Devol changed back to his regular clothes and went to the parson's cabin. The preacher was down on his

(Continued on Page 18)

A Ballet on Wheels

BERLIN.

GERMAN gymnasts have been doing stunts on their hoop-like "exercise wheels" for several years. At almost every mass gathering of athletes, husky men and graceful frauleins demonstrate their skill on the big double circles of steel and wood. But it is only recently that anyone had the idea of cleverly combining the best feats of every sport on the leaves with the formal art of the ballet.

The spectacular result is what the newspapers and magazines of the Continent have dubbed a ballet on wheels, and the leaves of twenty German girls are the "ballet."

The picture was not taken in a music hall but in England on Wimbledon Common, to be specific—where the rolling ballerinas went for open-air and early morning practice before their appearance at the London Casino.

A crowd collected on the common and everyone was amazed at the skill and daring of the dancers on their big hoops. Because they have rehearsed together for months the young women looked from the beginning like experts in graceful evolutions.

Each one star gymnast in her own right, but so well trained that the whole is perfect harmony with other members of the troupe. In many ways it is like polo, where it pays to play things to a total advantage of the individual members of the team, and the big hoops make possible many figures that no dancer could do without apparatus.

The Masters of the Old Imperial Russian Ballet Probably Never Would Accept Such Terpsichorean Shenanigans as Those Shown in the Photograph Above as Dancing in the Formal Manner. But the Performance Is Billed as a "Ballet on Wheels" and the "Ballerinas"—All German Girls—Are Pleasing Audiences All Over Europe. The Photograph Shows Them Rehearsing on Wimbledon Common for Their London Appearance.

America's No. 1 Rubberface?

Ted (Rubberface) Press, of Newark, New Jersey, Making Only Four of the Distorted Grimaces That He Modestly Believes Entitles Him to the Title of America's No. 1 Funnyface.

A Farm That Raises Nothing But Armadillos

Now You See It—And Now You Don't

Zoologists Call the Bird in the Photographs Above the "Ixobrychus Minutus," but That Doesn't Prevent the Creature from Being One of the Cleverest Fakers on Earth. It Lives in Northern Europe, Nests in the Grass and, When Startled, Makes Its Body Look Like the Stalks Around It.

An Estate for $1.75

A New Trick For Pickpockets

"COME ON, KID—IT'S BEDTIME."

Whenever Edna, the Prize Lioness at the Maidstone, England, Zoo Wants to Move One of the Members of Her Family She Has a Mouthful. The Remarkable Photograph Shows Her Picking Up One of Her Cubs.

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There must be a reason! There is a reason! SUNSWEET *'Tenderized'* Prunes are different from any other prunes you have ever tasted.

They're the finest of whole sound plump *tree-ripened* California Prunes to begin with. Then they're prepared by the exclusive SUNSWEET *'Tenderized'* Process. Quicker-cooking, finer flavored, better eating cooked or uncooked.

Finally, they're packed in flavor-tight *foil-sealed* cartons which keep all the fresh fruity *'Tenderized'* goodness in the prunes until the carton is opened in your own home.

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It's not *right*. No sir, it's *not right!* When you can buy a carton of SUNSWEET *'Tenderized'* Prunes for ten or fifteen cents. And you know what prunes do for you! They're a wholesome gentle aid to regular habits in a simple *natural* way.

Eat 'Em Like Candy

'Tenderized' SUNSWEETS are a natural fruit confection. Ever try them just as they come from the carton? Many people like them even better than when they're cooked. Children especially are fond of them.

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Look for the gold or silver foil cartons, the name SUNSWEET, and the word *'Tenderized'* across the face of the package. Three sizes of fruit . . . Medium, Large, and Extra Large, the size plainly marked on the carton. All are SUNSWEET *'Tenderized'* quality.

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Please send me your 48-page book of SUNSWEET *'Tenderized'* Prune recipes together with information on the laxative and health values of prunes.

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"EMPIRES OF THE MOON"

Dramatized From Old Records

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 6)

the foot of the table. "Why have we no wine?"

"Because I ordered none served," said Elisabeth with calm, imperious voice, and smiled at him. "We talk before we drink, Count Orloff."

A murmur of approval greeted the words and the speaker. Orloff grunted scornfully, then broke into laughter. He was a man to take any eye—tremendous in build, a famous athlete, of enormous strength and agility, and the greatest hero of the world to boot, in Russian eyes. Handsome, too, but marked with the frightful pride of his family, the arrogance and insolence of the Orloffs. For which there was some excuse.

At the table were a few officers from the fleet, picked men of high birth and great names anxious at the beginning, but warming now to the eyes and smile of Elisabeth. One grizzled captain, a prince as well, whispered to his neighbor that he had known the Empress Elisabeth well, even intimately, you understand; there was no doubt that this girl was her daughter. The resemblance was perfect.

There was no doubt anywhere for that matter. Talking vivaciously with her guests, Elisabeth was fully conscious of the admiration she aroused; yet she was shrewdly weighing each man present. Except for Orloff and his officers no uniforms or decorations were in sight, but these men were potent.

Here was Bogdanoff's emissary from Venice. Here was Count Poremski, Ambassador to Rome and the Court of Naples beyond him, old Prince Kornikoff, Envoy to Florence. His white beard floating over the dead black garments, beyond again, the brilliant Prince Dolgoroski in leave from his embassy in Vienna. As she talked she heard old Kornikoff speaking to the man next him about the Orloff brethren.

"Yes, I know Gregory very well," the old diplomat was saying. "He's been suppanted with Catherine by Potemkin, of course, and is in Germany now, none-the-less he's the most influential man in Russia—a crazy genius but a genius. Fedor is a great popular favorite, general of the armies, a man of direct action. This one" and he motioned toward Alexis, "who killed Peter III with his own hands is the greatest of them all, do you know that he has thirty thousand serfs alone? That is true. The Orloffs constitute a feudal state. They hang together. They have an immense personal affection. Hurt one and you have a three at your throat. Not at all, thank you, thank God!

A lull in the talk. From somewhere outside floated a snatch of singing, the voices of seamen from the ships beneath starred and looked at Orloff.

Alexei Grigorievitch, the exclaimed. Who have they been singing so long, these men? All afternoon, all evening. And such sad, mournful songs!"

"What? Mournful? Let me listen." Orloff sprang to his feet, went to a window, and flung it open. He listened a moment, then turned, his face convulsed by passionate anger. "You are right, the music is sad. Tomorrow they receive a dozen lashes each! I told them they must sing happy songs for you."

She stared. "What? You made them sing all this time for me?" Her eyes glowed at him from across the long table. "A beautiful thought, Alexis! But make the men stop."

At once Orloff glanced at one of his officers and gestured.

Kesha, send word to the ships that the singing may stop, at daybreak each man is to receive a dozen lashes because their singing was sad."

Was! The already imperious will of Elisabeth checked the officer. The lashes are forbidden. Instead send word that each of the men will receive a dozen rubles."

The officer hesitated. Orloff met the starry eyes of Elisabeth for an instant then broke into a laugh and with a gesture of assent despatched the officer. Glances exchanged about the table significant and gamesome. For the second time Elisabeth had imposed her will upon Orloff.

The dinner progressed; the wine waxed busier. She had done well to seize on Alexis if she wanted assistance and thought, she even without that these men were her leaders. Surely, indeed, Russia was at stake in these seeming trifles. The course of French policy. These men [illegible] and with both always at hazard, [illegible] of the same stamp but she was shrewd and far-sighted.

Then when the wine was brought she made a sign to Orloff the like of which were given only by the queens were obeyed. Orloff rose grandly then. They were alone and the moment of business was come. Orloff stood up and lifted his wine cup.

"Gentlemen, a toast to the Tsarina Elizabeth."

A roar of acclaim and the toast was drunk. Orloff went on with eager outburst.

"You all know why we are here. You're afraid to express your views. I'm not. I say, with the free tongue of a prince of the blood, that Russia is at peril. With my brother Peter in power, the regiments are devoted to him. If the peasants of the fleet are we have an army from the Baltic to Petersburg, and on St. Petersburg a short march and Peter's Guards may call at their brother Alexis as it [illegible] Petersburg. The regiments of the guard we obey but—Hell's Catherine knows that there is a reasonable doubt," he said and a new Tsarina on the throne. There you have it and I've done with my speech so go ahead."

He sat down amid laughter and hearty approbation but Elisabeth remained silent. His bold eyes studied Elisabeth and she knew that he was trying to read her secret. A moment of tense silence, then he laughed again.

"Come, the sea air is a good tonic for you, Princess. Tomorrow we sail for Petersburg. Your health, Princess!"

Elisabeth lifted her wine cup and drank. Then she turned to Orloff.

"Alexei Grigorievitch, I am not a child to be frightened by a bogey. Peter is in power, Catherine is in prison. Very well, I am not afraid. Let us suppose that I am the daughter of the Empress Elisabeth, that I have the right to the throne. Let us suppose that I am willing to take the risk. Let us suppose that I am willing to pay the price. What then?"

Orloff's face darkened. "Then, Princess, you will be Empress of Russia."

"Yes, I know that. But what else?"

"Nothing else."

"Nothing else? Then you are a fool, Alexei Grigorievitch! Nothing else? Then why am I here? Why am I risking my life? Why are you risking your life? Why are all these men risking their lives? Why are we all here? Nothing else? Then I am a fool, you are a fool, they are fools! Nothing else? Then I shall send for Peter and Catherine and tell them to have no fear, that I am not coming to Petersburg!"

Orloff's face darkened. "Then, Princess, you will be Empress of Russia."

"Yes, I know that. But what else?"

"Nothing else."

"Nothing else? Then you are a fool, Alexei Grigorievitch! Nothing else? Then why am I here? Why am I risking my life? Why are you risking your life? Why are all these men risking their lives? Why are we all here? Nothing else? Then I am a fool, you are a fool, they are fools! Nothing else? Then I shall send for Peter and Catherine and tell them to have no fear, that I am not coming to Petersburg!"

Tsar Peter, III, Catherine the Great a Wedding Husband from Whom She Took the Throne of Russia

The secretary of Bogdanoff [illegible] facing the Tsarina [illegible] as [illegible] master he [illegible] Members of the council have privately assured my master of this and are discussing within the terms of a free commission. Treaty. As your Highness must be aware there is no question as to the validity of your claim, only of the appearing strength behind them. Money with which to pay the guard regiments is now assured. With Orloff support and assurance there is no further cause of worry. I salute the [illegible] Empress of the Russias."

He bowed low and resumed his seat. The toast was hearty enthusiasm in the eyes of Elisabeth the [illegible] Empress and answering gaze with each one. Orloff. He [illegible] ended. With the three officers behind her the throne was assured. At last she had the thing more to say, the biggest thing of all.

My friends I am not like the fat pig Catherine who now usurps the throne she said slowly. I don't propose to cheapen myself and my position by taking lovers as she does openly.

There was dead silence. Serious ground here as she knew well. The [illegible] of Orloff had been the lover of Catherine not to mention the history of the Empress herself, her mother. She met the steadying gaze the anxious eyes with a show of supreme assurance and laid in her next words.

My friends I leave tomorrow for Petersburg and the throne and I leave with my husband she corrected proudly. Four days more Peter a orphan [illegible] Count Alexei Orloff. She lifted her glass. A health to my husband. Vivat, tongue-tied.

The officers reached the yell of appreciation as Orloff himself who had not anticipated this announcement seemed at a loss [illegible] what news it was for them. This word alone would rock Russia to its foundations. Orloff married to the pretender! This word alone would place Elisabeth on the throne but she would reach Russia by sea before any courier could get there. That word alone climaxed the conspiracy definitely and positively. Orloff would be prince consort, emperor!

Later, when they were all gone when Orloff alone remained with her, he came and took her hands kissed her on the lips, and his eyes were burning with passion.

"I shall have a second ceremony performed tomorrow at noon, on the deck of the flagship my little dove."

"No need of that Alexei!" she said, laughing.

"There is. We'll be married openly, before the whole fleet, everyone will know, then, and you'll be proclaimed empress. Think of the drama in it! Empress, to the thundering salute of the guns—empress, off for Russia and a throne, you and I!"

She kindled to the thought, and swiftly kissed him in return. He clutched her.

"Agreed, then; and tonight I [illegible] Not tonight, my dear, [illegible] night I have [illegible] bride for a [illegible] with all care left behind, and the [illegible] was a model [illegible] husband.

An ecstatic fear [illegible] and he was gone a splendid [illegible] figure. She grinned slightly, then turned and sought her own room.

HERE a single [illegible] flamed above the [illegible] She called [illegible] bade [illegible] bathroom, to [illegible] her [illegible] and returned [illegible] the white fur [illegible] about her body. She went to the [illegible] and [illegible] there [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

NO. 7—ALMOST AN EMPRESS

(Continued from Page 16)

thought yourself married to Orloff that night in Pisa—"

"Thought myself married?" Elizabeth's eyes dilated. Radziwill had used the same words. "What do you mean?"

It was no marriage. The chaplain was merely one of his seamen in priestly robes."

The awful comprehension smote her full force. Orloff's disconcerted look when she announced the marriage. his cold insistence on another ceremony tomorrow. Yes, it was true. It had tricked her. Let he was all for a [illegible] now that he knew she was [illegible] to go to the Chapel and take vows with her.

Yet the [illegible] was [illegible] going. In [illegible] he must [illegible] as he put away the white [illegible] and clasped her [illegible] her heart throbbing against him. "Give me tonight, let us have that one last night together here among the flowers before you sail away to Russia."

No no. She was wakened suddenly, wakened [illegible] sharp cry of protest. She was afraid of [illegible] afraid lest she vanish all [illegible] so carefully made. A [illegible] savage desire to be free [illegible] be free of all the past was [illegible] within her. "No. No. Go away. I will not. Let [illegible] up."

He sighed, [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"OLD MAN RIVER" *By Capt. Louis Rosche*

John Murrell, Fake Preacher and Leader of the "Murrell Clan," Escaped from Prison and Rode on Horseback to Florence, Alabama, Where the Law Finally Caught Up With Him

(Continued from Double Page)

knees and when he saw who it was—

"I've been praying for you."

Well, brother George said you better pray for yourself because I'm the fellow who won your money at cards and I'm going home tonight to stay and as for you, I'm not as big as I am if I don't whip you when you get back. Stay away from my wife and children or I'll take a lick from one and eight shy of gamblers after this.

George used to brag about a trip he made with fifteen preachers and every one of them had a different story to tell about a camp meeting. But I see he claimed he got five of them in a game and won every cent they had. Another time, so he said he won a preacher's money, spectacles and sermons, but he gave back the spectacles and the sermons because he didn't have any use for them.

A few weeks ago I read about old George. I read how Jesse Driscoll got that preacher and shackled a boat when a gang he had forced was laying for him out by the gangplank. But George wasn't the only old time gambler who used to pass himself off as a preacher.

One of the greatest [illegible] Murrell. Just as he was back South and was watching a chance to take a trip from one end Eight shy of gamblers after this.

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"I baptize you in the name of Satan because you are his son."

Then he asked the ferryman if he ever prayed and the fellow said he didn't. The preacher told him he better do it pretty quick because it was his last chance. Cartwright kept on ducking him until the ferryman hollered he had enough and was willing to pray or do anything else the preacher told him to. But Cartwright wouldn't let him out of the water until he promised to lead a different life, and take preachers across the river for nothing. That's the way that old missionary handled tough sinners.

One time he was trying to hold a camp meeting when somebody started to break it up by having a dance in a public hall. So the preacher went to the dance himself and soon as the fiddlers started scraping it up he held up his hands and asked them to wait just a minute. Before the gal leaning [illegible] wanted to give this hearing and he knelt right down and prayed. He prayed with so much feeling he soon everybody over and before benefit [illegible] man who owned the hall turned it into a church. They said that's how Jay Cartwright [illegible] camp meeting and gathered a heap in recruits for the [illegible].

Sometimes a bunch of young roosters would take pack of liquor to his camp meetings and hide them in the bushes. But while they were getting on the [illegible] around sup- [illegible] and [illegible] Then he would see [illegible] soon he got enough money that way to build a church.

If you've never [illegible] and you have he went to a backwoods in New [illegible] and he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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AMAZING NEW EXTERNAL REDUCER MAKES YOU lose fat QUICKLY

SAFE! EASY! NO LIQUIDS, PILLS OR LAXATIVES TO TAKE—NO DIETING, NO EXERCISING—LOSE INCHES AND INCHES OF FAT AT HOME

If you're too fat, not due to glandular trouble—if dieting is a hardship and you fear drugs—get the facts about the Dr. Lane's Slenderizing and Reducing Rubber. For reducing fat from the pounds and inches of excess fat there's not even a second like massage. From neck, double chin, arms, bust, stomach, hips, back, within and without feet. You are the judge. If the first 10 days' treatment doesn't show you the way to lose bulky weight, regain slender, graceful curves, improve your appearance, your money is fully refunded. Everything is sent free!

SEND NO MONEY! — TEST AT OUR RISK!

Write today for Dr. Lane's treatment of Dr. Lane's Reducing and Slenderizing Rubber. It gives instant results—or no cost. Don't delay. Test this new easy way to reduce at our risk. Write for it today. GUARANTEED to reduce any part of body lengthwise if not pleased for any reason for the trial. Send today! Write with results in 10 days. Send today! Write with order and we pay postage. Don't delay. Test this new easy way to reduce at our risk. Write for it today. DR. LANE SALES CO., Dept. 2-AW, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD relieved Cough Quickly

"I couldn't stop coughing," writes Helen Smith, Springfield, Mass. "I tried everything—then a friend suggested Pertussin. Quickly my cough was soothed and relieved."

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or ticklish, the secretions from congested glands in your throat and windpipe often turn sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved.

A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe, pleasant herbal remedy for children, grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe, acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS

ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own home; not greasy, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35 all drug and department stores.

FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color. Brooklyn Chemical Co., Dept. AW-19, 79 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Need FACE TISSUES? ASK FOR SITROUX

PRONOUNCED (SIT YOUX)

Sitroux

USE Sitroux-Aids
They're Mentholated...Sanitary!
FOR HEAD COLDS
AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

STRIKE!

EN-AR-CO (Japonette style) Oil strikes quickly at the pain and discomfort of neuralgia, sprains, muscular soreness, fatigue and exposure—been doing it for over 50 years. Excellent for the discomfort of head colds or bronchial irritation. Step! Get a bottle today and put such pains and aches out of business . . . also at all dependable Druggists!

EN-AR-CO IS UNFAIR TO PAIN!

AMERICAN OWNED! AMERICAN MADE!

Simple treatment that relieves Blotchy Irritated Skin

For daily cleansing use Resinol Soap. Its Resinol-filled lather gently, but deeply cleanses and refreshes the pores and improves clogged, rough skin. To irritated pimples, externally caused, apply Resinol Ointment. Its special medication quickly eases soreness and promotes faster healing of the ugly blemishes.

For guest-size cake Resinol Soap and sample of Resinol Ointment, send 10¢ to Resinol, Dept. X-35, Md. Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP

Why the Home Is More Dangerous than the Automobile

(Continued from Page 9)

floors, the number of people injured every year in this manner runs way up into the thousands.

People who keep birds for pets sometimes have the habit of standing close to the cage with a bit of food in the mouth and coaxing the bird to peck it out. But often they are unpleasantly surprised, painfully injured or may even lose the sight of an eye when the bird takes a peck at the eyeball.

The kitchen is another place where accidents are numerous. Housewives, who are otherwise quite tidy, are sometimes careless about letting grease drip on the kitchen floor or dropping bits of fruit and vegetables when preparing a meal in a hurry. They may easily slip on such things and fall, breaking an arm or wrist, or sustaining more painful injuries if they happen to be carrying a pot of boiling hot food. And time after time, women make the mistake of removing the top of a roaster, or the lid of a saucepan, by raising the nearside first, thus letting a burst of scalding steam strike them.

"Nine per cent of all household accidents," says the Safety Council's survey, "were caused by poor planning of the house or apartment, such as excessively steep stairs, or by the place being in need of repairs. Another four per cent were caused by lack of lights."

A number of strange accidents have been listed. One man put his feet into the oven to warm them, fainted and suffered fatal burns.

Trimming a corn, a man cut his toe, causing a fatal infection. Another mashed his finger with a hammer, failed to apply an antiseptic and died of blood poisoning.

For the most part, carelessness is simply a habit—and a bad one. But psychologists say that the best way to overcome a bad habit is by cultivating a good one to replace it. This being true, it would undoubtedly be sensible for anybody who flunks this safety test to start right now to cultivate the good habit of being careful.

Many People Seriously Scald Themselves by Getting the Shower Bath Faucets Mixed.

Answers to Household Safety Test Questionnaire

1—Look for cigarettes and cigars that haven't been extinguished.

2—In the bedroom. Wet wires in bathroom or kitchen might cause electrical shock.

3—The back porch. Small rugs should not be used anywhere near a staircase.

4—One-fourth the length of the ladder has been found safest.

5—Stick the pin through the cork. Many people opening medicine cabinets at night don't turn on the light. Here the pin would stick them.

6—Dress him in a warmer sleeping suit. Heavy blankets have caused suffocation, and the fresh air, if it is really fresh, is better for him.

7—Metal water faucet handles are safest in the bathtub. People have been severely gashed by breaking porcelain handles, especially since many use them to steady themselves in getting out of the tub.

8—The bedroom. Statistics show that falling out of bed, tripping over open drawers and chairs causes this room to be the most dangerous room of the three.

9—Buttons. Along with other small objects, children have swallowed them with serious results. Sometimes small objects are also inhaled into the lungs.

10—The oil mop, which when impregnated with oil and placed near rags, waste, etc., may cause a fire through spontaneous combustion. If it is absolutely necessary to keep the oil mop in this closet, the mop should be removed from the handle and stored in a closed can.

11—They should be dried first, otherwise they may sputter and cause very painful grease burns.

12—Account for the others. Human life must be considered first. Instant warning may prevent death from suffocation.

13—The hallway stairs. Since the hallway is least regarded, builders are most apt to neglect it or skimp here, especially in the matter of steep or narrow stairs.

14—Falls. Seventy-nine per cent of the accidents to people over 65 years of age are due to them.

15—Turn the handles of the pots inward so that the child cannot reach them. The careless use of pot-lifters has caused many accidents resulting in steam burns and scalds from spilled boiling liquids.

DON'T GET CAUGHT with liquor on your breath

Nobody has any sympathy for the drunken driver. He's a menace and deserves to lose his license. But we all feel sorry for the fellow who gets into a mess of trouble just because there is a whiff of alcohol on his breath. Avoid unjust suspicion. If you have had a drink or two . . . even beer . . . kill the breath with CHASERS. Not a breath scent or confection. CHASERS destroy breath odor yet leave no odor of their own. Harmless and effective. Two forms—tablets and chewing gum. Chasers Inc., New York, N. Y.

AFTER ONE DRINK, TAKE A CHASER. AFTER TWO, DON'T DRIVE.

CHASERS 5¢ a package
TABLETS OR CHEWING GUM

Copr. 1935, Chasers Inc., New York

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

The Aztecs' Holy Bird of Cruelest Rites Tamed at Last

(Continued from Page 8)

tern, she was his for the asking. And so was any other girl or woman in the land.

When he went out he was preceded and followed by priests and the Aztec equivalent of the brass band, and the people fell on their faces before him.

The catch in the whole thing was that, when the year was up, the young gentleman was led up to the altar, stretched over it and his heart torn out from his breast and offered to the god.

This one account describes the ceremonies as follows:

"For the great festival of Tezcatlipoca the handsomest and noblest of the captives of the year had been chosen as the incarnate representative of the god, and paraded the streets for public admiration dressed in an embroidered mantle with plumes and garlands on his head and a retinue like a king; for the last month they married him to four girls representing four goddesses; on the last day wives and pages escorted him to the little temple of Tlacochcalco, where he mounted the stairs, breaking an earthenware flute against each step; this was a symbolic farewell to the joys of the world, for as he reached the top he was seized by the priests, his heart torn out and held up to the sun, his head spitted on the tzompantli (stake), and his body eaten as sacred food, the people drawing from his fate the moral lesson that riches and pleasure may turn into poverty and sorrow."

But the curious and unexplained thing is that he could wear the quetzal plumes if and when he desired, and that before being stripped for the sacrifice these plumes were an important part of the costume he wore to the dark altar.

This particular victim probably did not mind much because he had crowded into a year more honors, entertainment and enjoyment than most others had in a lifetime and also he was assured a high place in the first-class Aztec heaven in the sun, together with warriors who had died in battle and women who had died in childbirth.

In the second-class Aztec heaven were the souls of those who were drowned or died of dropsy because these were favored by the rain god, Tlaloc.

Common people who died common deaths had to be content with a third-class hereafter, in a gloomy realm, under the earth, under the control of the death god, Mictlanteuchtli.

It was such a poor place for spending eternity that many people feeling sick drowned themselves in order to go at least second class.

One of the most important things to make sure of was fertility of the soil, especially a bumper crop of maize (Indian corn). To get this the Aztecs selected young girls, somewhat like the Roman Vestal Virgins, and treated them handsomely for a year in most every possible way, except that no lovers were allowed. When the time came for them to be sacrificed, their heads were first chopped off, to symbolize the plucking of ripe ears of corn.

Then the skin was flayed from the rest of the body. This had to be done with skill and care so that during the ceremonies one priest would wear the skin of the legs, like a pair of trousers, and another priest, the upper part, like a jacket. When these rites were performed at Chichen Itza, the head and flayed body were thrown into the sacred cenote or Pool of Death. The maidens were expected to be delighted at their fate because it sent their souls to the first-class heaven, where they even outranked those who died in childbirth. Apparently the plumes of Quetzalcoatl were never used in these ceremonies.

But most pathetic of all was the sacrifice of the infants.

Greedy and bloodthirsty though the Spanish paleface may have been, he at least put an end to those sacrificial murders, just as traditions say Quetzalcoatl desired to but failed.

Maybe Quetzalcoatl did after all come back and guide Cortez to the destruction of the cruel priests and the ending of the sacrifices he loathed.

First American Women in Tibet

LHASA, the "Forbidden City" of Tibet, was visited for the first time by an American womag, when Mrs. Suydam Cutting recently entered this religious stronghold with her husband, an explorer for the American Museum of Natural History.

Mrs. Cutting exploded the myth that Lhasa is barred to white women. "There is no objection to white women entering the city any more than there is to white men," she said in revealing her Tibetan experience.

"They don't differentiate between the sexes. But everyone must first have permission to enter, otherwise the attitude of the natives is definitely hostile."

The Cuttings reached Tibet over the arduous India trade route with a caravan. Once in Tibet, they enjoyed their stay, which was made as pleasant as possible by the hospitable monks. They slept in Tibetan houses in rooms which were not exactly clean.

The famous lamaseries were rough stone buildings set behind the Tibetan villages. To live in them was worse than in the Tibetan homes, for these monasteries were built for the lamas, whose life is based on celibacy and strict discipline.

Mrs. Cuttings found, however, that the abbots, the nobility among the lamas, have finer quarters but adhere to the same disciplinary lives. The average Tibetan is tall and hardy, and rarely smokes or drinks. He sometimes drinks a type of beer which is about as mild in alcoholic content as the one-half of one per cent beer of our prohibition era.

Mrs. Cutting witnessed many Tibetan dances and reports that they were very dull.

Only three other white women visited Lhasa before Mrs. Cutting. Two of them were wives of British officials and the third one was a French woman who entered Tibet by way of China.

Beauty's Fastest Pick-Up
A Woodbury Facial Cocktail

CONTAINING VITAMIN D

1

5 P. M. . . . THE ZERO HOUR FOR BEAUTY

5 P. M. Your skin's vitality stands at zero. The lines of your face droop with fatigue. Your skin feels drained of its energy. It's weary, done in . . .

2

BUT A WARM WATER TREATMENT WITH WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP . . .
(With Vitamin D)

Plunge your face into a rich, creamy lather of Woodbury's, the beauty soap to which skin-stimulating Vitamin D has been added. Work it well into your pores, then rinse.

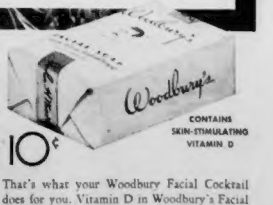
3

. . . GIVES YOUR FACE A LIFT. Now, your skin's revived and rested, your face aglow like a tulip, fresh as dawn. Vitamin D is the true skin-stimulating vitamin. And now this element in Woodbury's acts as a cocktail for your beauty.

WHEN your skin looks haggard with fatigue, here's the beauty bracer to renew its freshness! A Woodbury Facial Cocktail to bring it new sparkling vitality!

A cleansing treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap acts like a beauty cocktail to tired skin. Here's the reason: Vitamin D has been added to this scientific soap. The element that sunshine creates in the skin, itself, when your skin is exposed to certain rays. Tests by a great university have verified Vitamin D as the true skin-stimulating vitamin.

Your skin breathes. When it's fresh and young, it breathes rapidly. Stimulate the breathing process and you freshen your skin.



CONTAINS SKIN-STIMULATING VITAMIN D

That's what your Woodbury Facial Cocktail does for you. Vitamin D in Woodbury's Facial Soap accelerates the skin's breathing. And there you have it—a new face, lovely, alive.

Every night at five take a quick "facial" with Woodbury's containing Vitamin D. This famous soap costs only 10¢ now everywhere.

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All-Purpose Cereals for All Winter Meals

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

TO HOW many readers is the word "cereal" only just another word for "breakfast"? But while the many popular forms of different cereal grains make delicious, hot, tasty and highly nourishing breakfast dishes, yet the whole class of cereals as such has many additional uses, even to being employed as ingredients in preparing intricate and fancy cooking.

Natural grains—oats, corn, rice, barley and rye—are food staples the world over. Used in breads, they are "the staff of life" or, when rolled and milled, they form the basis of the familiar "porridge" of childhood; or, as with rice, the staple starch food of millions of people to whom the sight of a rice paddy field is far more familiar than an acreage of potatoes. But it is mainly in America that these long-familiar and wholesome grains have been developed into new shapes, forms and textures by the aid of highly mechanical skill in production. The wheat grain is scientifically puffed, the corn kernel is flaked, the rice grain is crisped, and bran, once discarded, takes its place as a true cereal food. Some of these cereals are also shaped into small wafers, biscuits or cakes, to make their eating more agreeable. Not only are they convenient to use but they are excellent when used as a foundation for such creamed mixtures as creamed dried beef, creamed fish, chicken, eggs, etc.

Perhaps the most acceptable feature of these newer and lighter cereal forms is texture. These cereals have "bite" and pleasing chewy consistency, and often a nut-like quality which makes chewing interesting and good for one's teeth. When a small amount of this coarser cereal is added to batters and cake or other smooth mixtures, the dish gains considerably. The flaked cereals are good added to applesauce, puddings, scalloped vegetables, and to poultry stuffings, as well as sprinkled lightly on top of soft desserts like custard, gelatin, ice cream, etc.

This same point of texture is carried out when flaked or puffed cereals are substituted in so many recipes whose directions read, "sprinkle top with buttered crumbs." It often happens that bread-crumbs, properly browned or toasted, are not on hand; a half cup or so of dry flaked cereal may readily be crumbled or rolled to whatever consistency is desired. Only one who has used these cereal crumbs on top of pudding, sauce or creamed vegetable, knows how much their crisp texture adds to the enjoyment of the final dish.

Crispness is the ideal to achieve in most types of cookies. And how much is gained in crispness when one of the newer cereals is used as a cookie ingredient! There are literally dozens of delicious recipes for cookies, where oat, corn or bran cereals are important.

A meat loaf or vegetable loaf is delicious if a small proportion of granular nutty dextrose cereal is added to the softer ingredients. Some especially mouth-watering uses of puffed grains are found when they are added to chopped meat and a custard foundation, and baked as a timbale or hot patty.

Pancakes and batter cakes and waffles, happy tribe descendants of the good old griddle cake, all may use dry cereals to advantage. Thus a little bran cereal added to the common waffle recipe proves to any husband that his wife has got something there.

Puffed cereals also are excellent added to the average griddle batter mixture, while the nut-like grains bring a new taste flavor into breakfast cakes.

Candies are a familiar medium in which to utilize wholesome cereal grains. And children love to make them! Some of these cereal candies partake of the character of both a cookie and a candy, and are doubly delicious. Let the children take a few of these simple, inexpensive and most wholesome candies to eat between meals or to tuck into their lunch-boxes.

Many of the standard older forms of cereals should be given a better break by housewives. Take cornmeal, a staple of the South and of the pioneers. In how many homes is a well-made cereal mush prepared and fried for breakfast, with bacon or ham on the side?

Make a mush of your meal, white or yellow, in salted water, cook thoroughly, stirring vigorously over low heat. Pour into wetted or oiled pan, and when cold mark in large squares. Chill overnight. Dip in flour and fry in hot fat in a heavy skillet until browned on both sides. Add a few curls of bacon for additional flavor—and coffee to the limit! Grand for a late Sunday breakfast, or for supper.

Rice is another topa in cereals and with its all many meal dishes may be economically extended. What is only enough for two persons can, by the aid of two cups of boiled rice, be extended for four persons. Watch the Chinese or the East Indian and their thrifty ways, or the Turk or Armenian who thrive on apparently scanty fare.

Almost any left-over meat, chopped, seasoned with onions, can be made into a tasty stew, goulash, curry or kedgeree. Also, rice as a plain starch accessory should be served more often, especially at the tag end of winter when old potatoes are getting poor and the new crops are still far away. Cooked rice added to chopped meat adds zest to a delicious meat loaf, stuffed meat loaves in cabbage leaves, and lots of other practical dishes which we may well copy from the rice-using nations. Rice pancakes, made by adding a portion of boiled rice to the regular batter, or rice fritters of cooked rice bound by egg, are good cheap suggestions for the informal home lunch. Remember the Swedes who have a "Pancake Day" every week, and serve nothing but pancakes, cereal pancakes, with a bowl of soup on the side.

In these days of so-highly-improved cereals, the wise and thrifty homemaker keeps an assortment on her pantry shelf at all times, and uses them in her winter menus.

Combination Cereal Dishes

Crisp Rice Macaroons: Two egg whites, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups crisp rice flakes, ½ cup nutmeats, 1 cup cocoanut, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat egg whites until stiff but still shiny. Carefully fold in sugar. Fold in rice flakes, nuts and cocoanut. Add vanilla. Drop on well-greased baking sheet. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Remove pans from oven, place on damp towel and remove macaroons immediately with spatula or sharp knife. If macaroons become hardened to pan, they may be softened by replacing in oven for a few minutes. Makes 1½ dozen.

Ham Luncheon Puffs: Two cups finely-minced cooked ham, 1 cup rice or wheat puffs, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 well-beaten eggs, ½ cup tomato juice. Combine all ingredients, and mix thoroughly. Turn into 6 well-oiled glass custard cups and sprinkle tops with minced parsley. Set cups in shallow pan of hot water and bake about 40 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Unmold, and serve at once with thin white sauce, garnished with sieved hard egg yolk. Serves 6.

Peanut Rice Loaf: One cup washed rice, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups boiling water, 1 cup peanut butter, 1 slightly-beaten egg, 1 cup medium white sauce, dash paprika, ¼ teaspoon salt. Place rice in top of double boiler with salt and boiling water, and cook directly over flame until mixture begins to bubble. Cover and finish cooking over hot water, about 25 minutes. When tender, drain, if necessary, and combine with remaining ingredients in order given. Pour into buttered loaf pan and bake 30 to 40 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Serve hot with tomato sauce. Serves 8.

Lemon Pie in Crisp Cereal Shell: One and one-half teaspoon gelatin, ¼ cup water, 4 eggs separated, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt. Soak gelatin in water. Cook egg yolks, lemon rind and juice, and half the sugar in double boiler, stirring constantly until consistency of custard. Add gelatin and stir often while cooling. Add egg whites beaten with remaining sugar. Pour into crisp rice shell and chill in refrigerator 3 or more hours. Makes 9-inch pie. To make the crisp rice shell: One-quarter cup butter or shortening, 1 cup fine crisp rice crumbs (4 cups crisps, rolled), ¼ cup sugar. Melt butter or shortening in 9-inch pie pan. Add crumbs and sugar. Mix well and press firmly around sides and in bottom of pan. Chill while filling is cooling.

Sea Food Cereal Snack: Use any canned fish such as salmon, cod, tuna, etc., allowing 2 cups picked-over flaked fish. To 2 cups seasoned thin white sauce, add ½ cup cooked minced celery and 1 beaten egg yolk. Add fish, heat, and serve at once on cereal biscuits, toasted and generously buttered. Serves 4.

Dixie Spoon Bread: One cup white cornmeal, 1½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon shortening, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk. Place cornmeal, salt and shortening in mixing bowl, pour over boiling water, and beat until smooth. Break egg into hot mixture and stir until smooth. Beat baking powder into milk, add to first mixture, and mix well. Pour into greased baking dish and bake 30 minutes, or until brown on top, in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees. Butter freely and serve with spoon as a pudding.

Bran Fudge Squares: Four squares chocolate, ½ cup butter, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup flour, ½ cup flaked bran, ½ cup nutmeats, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Melt chocolate over hot water and add butter. Add sugar to beaten eggs, and beat together well. Add chocolate. Stir in flour, bran, nuts and vanilla. Pour into greased pan, making ½-inch layer. Bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. Makes 16 2-inch squares.

Cereal Mock Meat Loaf: Use one of the dry toasted nut-like cereals, allow 2 cups. Two cups sieved canned peas and juice, ¼ cup melted butter or shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup finely-chopped walnuts, 1 well-beaten egg, 3 tablespoons tomato catsup, 2 tablespoons minced onion, ½ cup hot water, 1 beef bouillon cube. Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack into well-greased loaf pan. Sprinkle with additional ¼ cup cereal blended with 2 tablespoons butter. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven, or at 350 degrees, then increase to 375 degrees for 10 minutes to brown. Serve with brown or mushroom sauce. Serves 4.

Oatmeal Ginger Cookies: One cup sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons ginger, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup sugar, ⅔ cup melted shortening, 1 well-beaten egg, 1 cup oatmeal. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, ginger and salt. Combine molasses, sugar and shortening, add egg and beat well. Add flour and oats to mixture and blend thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls on ungreased baking sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees until done. Let stand on sheet to cool and crisp before removing. Makes about 36 cookies.

Flaked Corn Fruit Betty: Two cups freshly-toasted flaked corn cereal, 2 cups sweetened applesauce, prune or apricot pulp, juice and rind ½ orange, 2 tablespoons butter. Spread layer of cereal flakes on bottom of buttered shallow casserole, and cover with fruit blended with orange juice and rind. Top with flakes and dot with butter. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Serve hot with chilled sweetened whipped cream. Serves 6.

MORE! MORE!
THEY'RE THE GRANDEST GRIDDLE CAKES I EVER ATE!
Spry MAKES THEM EXTRA TENDER AND TASTY. TRY THIS RECIPE
Spry GIVES LIGHTER CAKES, FLAKIER PASTRY, CRISPER FRIED FOODS, TOO

GRIDDLE CAKES

2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
1¼ cups milk
¼ cup Spry, melted

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Combine beaten egg, milk and Spry. Turn liquids into dry ingredients and stir gently until blended.

Drop by spoonfuls on hot griddle greased with Spry. When cakes puff and bubble, turn once and brown on other side. Turn only once. Serve with maple syrup. Makes 18—but they'll disappear fast! You'll always make Griddle Cakes this way now. But remember, only Spry can give perfect results in this recipe. (All measurements in this recipe are level. In 8-lb. and 1-lb. cans

— Clip and save this Spry recipe! —

Try Spry today

YOU'LL be delighted with this purer ALL-vegetable shortening. It makes everything you bake or fry taste doubly delicious. And because Spry is *triple-creamed* it blends with other ingredients far easier.

You'll say Spry's the creamiest shortening ever. You can mix a cake in half the time yet it will be lighter, finer. Spry-cooked foods are so digestible, too—pastry, fried foods, even a child can eat them. Try Spry!

Spry The new, purer ALL-vegetable shortening— **TRIPLE-CREAMED!**

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

THESE DINGY WINTER WASHES SIMPLY DRIVE ME FRANTIC!
—THEN SUE DISCOVERED A WAY TO GET 'JUNE-DAY' WASHES, EVEN WHEN CLOTHES ARE BASEMENT-DRIED
IF I COULD ONLY HANG THESE CLOTHES OUT IN THE SUN JUST ONCE! UGH! THEY ACTUALLY SMELL MUSTY!
BUT, SUE, WHY DON'T YOU TRY THAT WHITER-WASHING, GRANULATED SOAP EVERYONE'S RAVING ABOUT THESE DAYS?

THAT'S JUST THE POINT, MARY! I'M USING A GRANULATED SOAP ALREADY—AND EVERYTHING IS STILL FULL OF THAT AWFUL "WINTER GRAY!"
BUT THAT'S ONE OF THOSE "HALF-WAY" GRANULATED SOAPS! WHAT YOU NEED IS THE NEW, "NO-SCRUB" OXYDOL—THAT SOAKS CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER... WAIT, I'LL GET MY PACKAGE...
Mary is right! Recent tests showed that Oxydol got white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter than other granulated soaps tested!
A FEW MINUTES AFTER MARY'S RETURN
BUT IF OXYDOL SOAKS WHITE CLOTHES SO MUCH WHITER, ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE FOR COLORED THINGS?
ABSOLUTELY! I'VE WASHED THIS PRINT DRESS IN OXYDOL SCORES OF TIMES—AND IT'S STILL BRIGHT AS A NEW DOLLAR!
HONESTLY, IT'S A MIRACLE! ONLY 15 MINUTES SOAKING—AND THEY SPARKLE AS IF THEY'D HUNG IN THE SUMMER SUN FOR HOURS!
AND JUST SEE HOW FRESH AND SWEET THEY SMELL!

LATER
SUE, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU GET YOUR LINENS SO WHITE! MINE ALWAYS LOOK SO GRAY THIS TIME OF YEAR.
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW SOAP CALLED OXYDOL—THAT GIVES YOU "JUNE-DAY" WASHES EVEN WHEN CLOTHES HANG INSIDE ALL WINTER LONG.

AMAZING NEW "NO-SCRUB" SOAP

Banishes Winter-Gray Almost Like *Magic*

NOW—say good-bye to unsightly winter-gray, even though clothes must hang in the basement all winter long. See shirts, sheets, linens—*everything* you wash—come sparkling fresh and white as a "day in June!"

A remarkable new laundry soap called OXYDOL produces this amazing result. For it works on an entirely new principle—combining speed and safety in a way no single soap has ever done before.

OXYDOL was developed by the makers of gentle Ivory soap at a cost of over $1,000,000. It is the result of a patented process to make soap far faster acting . . . an astonishing new formula that makes *mild, gentle* soap *2 to 3 times whiter washing.* Thus it does these 4 amazing things:

(1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. (2) Loosens curds and "grimy" spots—one reason why white with a few quick rubs. (2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades *whiter* as proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (4) Yet so *safe* that every washable color comes out dazzling, brilliant, *fresh!*

Even sheer cotton prints washed 100 consecutive times in OXYDOL suds, showed no perceptible sign of fading. OXYDOL is economical, too. Tests against popular package soaps show that, cup for cup, OXYDOL gives 28% to 60% *MORE SUDS.* And one package often goes 1½ to 2½ again as far as even the most *modern* flakes!

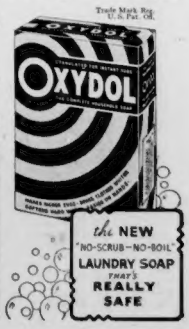
So—for "June day" washes even in the dead of winter, try OXYDOL. Join the millions of women who are seeing their clothes come so *white* and *sweet smelling* that their families and friends are amazed! You can obtain OXYDOL at all dealers. Order a package today! Procter & Gamble.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Her Neighbors Marvel At Whiteness Of "Basement-Dried" Clothes

"I want you to know how very much I like OXYDOL for washing clothes. I dry clothes in the basement—so my white things are without benefit of the sun much of the time. Yet, when I do hang them outside my neighbors remark about their whiteness. In the winter when my clothes are dried in the basement every washday, I marvel that they can stay so white without the bleaching effect of the sun or without any so-called whitening solution."

(signed) *Mrs. A. O. Cassels*
Minneapolis, Minn.



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HOUSE DRAFTY? UNCOMFORTABLE? CUT THIS COUPON

Chamberlin Weather Strips soon pay for themselves out of the fuel dollars they annually save. All work by Chamberlin-trained mechanics. 1 to 3 years to pay. Free estimates. Clip the coupon below for a handsome color booklet with full information.

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Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co. 1942 LaBrosse St. Detroit, Mich.

Send your color booklet telling how to bake warmer in winter, easier in summer.

Name

Address

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Baked Bacon, Toasted Date or Raisin Bread, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Cream of Corn Soup Garnished with Hot Buttered Popcorn, Apple, Celery and Carrot Salad, Hot Peanut Butter Biscuits, Tea with Lemon. *Dinner* Sauerkraut Cocktail, Roast Loin of Pork, Sweet Potato Croquettes, Julienne Green Beans and Carrots, Radish and Lettuce Salad, Chives Dressing, Apples Porcupine, Gingerbread Squares.	*Breakfast* Stewed Fresh Rhubarb, Poached Eggs in Rice Border, Graham Toast, Marmalade, Coffee Substitute. *Luncheon* Welsh Rarebit on Toast with Salted Almonds, Mixed Fruit Salad, Jelly Jumbles, Tea. *Dinner* Hot Fruit Cup, Corned Beef and Ten Minute Cabbage, "Crackling" Cornbread, French-Fried Onions, Green Tomato Pickles, Old-Fashioned Vinegar Custard.	*Breakfast* Bananas with Melted Currant Jelly, Whole Grain Cereal, Eggs Scrambled with Dried Beef, Cobbler Corn Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Baked Beans with Raisin Brown Bread, Spiced Beets, Watercress and Cucumbers or Tomatoes, Orange Trifle. *Dinner* Stuffed Fish Fillets, Shrimp Sauce, Boiled Potatoes, Asparagus and Left-Over Beet Salad, Salad Dressing, Grapefruit Broiled with a little Brown Sugar.	*Breakfast* Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Rolled Potato Omelet, Bacon, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Split Pea Soup, Waffles with Hot Maple Syrup, Tea. *Dinner* Veal, Beef and Ham Loaf, Brown Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans with Celery, Mixed Vegetable Salad, Raspberry Blancmange, Chocolate Cookies.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Baconized Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon (Company)* Onion Soufflé with Cheese, Broiled Mushrooms with Bacon Curls, Avocado and Grapefruit Salad, Salad Dressing, Baking Powder Rolls, Caramel Trifle, Tea. *Dinner* Baked Haddock, Slice Lemon, Bread Stuffing, Oyster Sauce, Creamed Potatoes, Baby Beets, Green Peas, Cabbage Slaw with Diced Pineapple, Cream Puffs with Fruit Filling and Whipped Cream.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Cereal, Toasted Buns, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Home-Made Succotash, French-Fried Eggplant, Banana and Grapefruit Salad with Salad Dressing, Hermits, Tea. *Dinner* Clam Bouillon, Steamed Clams with Melted Butter, Waldorf Salad, Coconut Brown Bread, Tapioca Surprise.	*Breakfast* Canned Figs, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee. *Dinner* Pineapple Cup with Mint, Chuck Roast with Brown Gravy Flavored with Horseradish and Raisins, Glazed Onions, Browned Potatoes, Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Chocolate Ice Cream, Rolled Cookies, Half Cups Coffee Substitute. *Supper* Tuna a la Newburg, Hot Paprika Biscuits, Jellied Fruit Salad.

POUNDS LIGHTER

THANKS TO THIS SCANDINAVIAN STYLE BREAD

says lovely Marion Talley

"Movie stars know how to lose pounds easily and pleasantly," says Miss Talley, "and I'm passing the secret on to you. Called the Hollywood Habit, it includes three simple rules—Eat sensibly, exercise moderately, eat Ry-Krisp at every meal. By following these three rules, I got down to 107 pounds and I feel years younger."

Ry-Krisp, Scandinavian style bread, is whole rye baked into thin, delicious wafers containing only 20 calories each. Served with soups, salads, dinners, Ry-Krisp always makes a hit. Youngsters love it, too... and there's nothing better for between-meal nibbling than crunchy Ry-Krisp wafers. Begin today to enjoy the tempting goodness of these low-calorie wafers. "And take my advice," says Miss Talley, "Follow the Hollywood Habit if you want to take pounds off your figure and years off your age."

Today, Miss Talley tips the scales at 107 pounds

HEAR Marion Talley SING

Sunday afternoon 5:00 P.M. E.S.T. NBC Red Network and other stations.

BABY COMING?

Ask your doctor regularly. Ask him about Breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Yet keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA

NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

NEW "SNOW BALL" TOMATO

IVORY WHITE FRUITS

ACID FREE FLESH

Write today for your packet. Be first in your community to grow these large, white, delicious, acid-free tomatoes. Send 10c (Stamps or coin) NOW for generous planting of this unique vegetable. Do not delay. Supply limited.

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They may look alike... but... there's a vast difference in "metal sponges"... in how they're made ... of what they're made... and the results you get. Pots quickly brighten with never a scratch when you use...

Gottschalk's METAL SPONGE

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Knox Products Corp. Knoxville, Tenn.

WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT?

...somebody's taken my cake of Cuticura Soap again. Mother says I mustn't use any other soap, because Cuticura is so sweet and pure. For FREE sample, write to "Cuticura," Dept. 9H, Malden, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3570—ONE BY ONE THEY BLOSSOM FORTH AT THE TIP OF YOUR CROCHET HOOK—THESE DAINTY SQUARES THAT FORM A LOVELY SPREAD. Pattern 3570 contains directions and charts for making the two squares shown; directions for joining them for varied articles; material requirements; illustrations of the stitches used.

Pattern 3819—HERE'S JUST THE LIVELY FROCK TO PEP UP YOUR SPRING WARDROBE! SEE ITS PRINCESS-LINE EFFECT AND FULL SLEEVES. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3818—THIS SPRIGHTLY WASH FROCK WEARS A DASH OF COLORFUL RIC-RAC TO ACCENT POINTED YOKE AND BRIEF SLEEVES. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric and 1⅞ yards ric-rac.

Pattern 3817—JUST THE FROCK TO DELIGHT A LITTLE GIRL—THIS PRINCESS STYLE THAT WEARS RIBBON OR RIC-RAC TRIMMING. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric and 2½ yards ¼-inch ribbon.

Pattern 3584—EASY TO DON, IS THIS WELL FITTING COAT-FROCK THAT'S SIMPLE TO MAKE AND QUICK TO TUB. IDEAL IN CRISP COTTON. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15c EACH

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AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Foods That "Go Together"

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Savory Corned Beef With Ten-Minute Cabbage.

SOAK 6 pounds corned beef in cold water 1 hour. Drain, cover with fresh cold water and add 1 onion and 1 carrot. Add about 1 teaspoon vinegar to each quart of water. Simmer gently until tender, allowing about 40 minutes to each pound. Let stand in this liquid ½ hour after it is done. Drain and serve with ten-minute cabbage. If desired, rub a little butter over the beef just before serving.

Georgia Fried Chicken With Hot Biscuits.

CUT a tender chicken into pieces for serving. Chill. Roll in flour seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. Fry in very hot lard until golden-brown, drain off most of the fat, cover and cook until well-done. Heat ⅓ cup of the drippings in the pan, add 2 or 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1½ cups water, cream or milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season, if necessary, with salt and pepper. Serve hot with biscuits made as follows: Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika. Work in 4 tablespoons shortening. Moisten with a scant cup of milk. Turn out on a lightly floured board, knead about a half minute, and roll ¼-inch thick. Shape. Bake in a quick oven, or at about 450 degrees, about 12 to 15 minutes. Serve immediately.

Spoon Bread.

SCALD 1 pint milk and add 1 cup sifted cornmeal and ½ tablespoon salt. Stir constantly until smooth and thick. Add 4 well-beaten egg yolks and 1 teaspoon baking-powder. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven at about 350 degrees until firm and delicately browned. This is a popular dish in some sections of our country and is often served with creamed chicken, dried beef or ham.

Boston Brown Bread.

MIX 1 cup rye meal or ground rolled oats, 1 cup graham flour, 1 cup cornmeal, 1 teaspoon salt and 1½ teaspoons soda. Combine ¾ cup molasses and 2 cups sour milk and mix well. Add to dry ingredients. Add, if desired, a scant cup of raisins. Pour into greased baking-powder cans or molds, having them not more than ⅔ full. Cover with a greased lid. Steam 2 or 3 hours, depending upon the size of the molds. The water should be boiling when the molds are put in, and should be kept boiling gently all the time. Add more boiling water as needed. Remove molds from water, remove lids and place in a slow oven, at about 300 degrees, for about 30 minutes to dry out somewhat.

Waffles With Maple Syrup.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons sugar. Add 1½ cups milk, 4 well-beaten egg yolks and ¼ cup melted butter. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake on hot waffle irons and serve immediately with maple syrup.

Macaroni With Cheese.

BREAK ¼ pound macaroni into 1½-inch lengths. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well. Melt ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup sifted flour and blend well. Add 1 pint milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season with salt and pepper and ½ cup cheese. Stir over hot water until cheese is melted. Combine the sauce and macaroni and turn into a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with ½ cup bread-crumbs and ¼ cup grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven, or between 350 and 375 degrees, until cheese is melted and crumbs are delicately browned.

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We invite you *Now* to turn away from solid starch, its bother and waste of time and strength. Change to this powdered complete starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, you get no spots or rings. Get our proof packet... just write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".

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These are but a few of the many thousands of books we want. DON'T SEND BOOKS until you have checked our latest list giving full information. Don't delay—a single old school book, story book, Bible, poetry, history, travel, almanacs, newspapers, letters, etc., may bring you $25, $50, $100, $500 or even $5,000 cash for certain books. Better investigate NOW. Send 10c to the American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 633, Chicago, and we will send you latest list of old books we want to buy and cash prices we will pay.

Caught RED-HANDED at her own dinner party

Humiliated by her DISHPAN HANDS until...

Her lovely china—pretty dinner dress—just seemed to emphasize her red dishpan hands. She was miserably self-conscious all evening.

Such needless humiliation! Someone suggested Lux for dishes, and amazingly soon her hands grew softer, whiter! Lux has no harmful alkali to dry the oils of the skin. That's why it's like beauty care right in your dishpan. Buy the economical big box.

LUX for dishes—ends dishpan hands

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AFTER the Linit Beauty Mask

A NEW COMPLEXION BLOOM AND BEAUTY MAY BE REVEALED

4 Steps to Complexion Beauty

Beauty-wise women know that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

Smart women now help protect their skin with the new Linit Beauty Mask. It costs but little, yet helps keep complexions looking soft and smooth. Most women who have enjoyed this new home beauty treatment are enthused by its immediate results. Here's how easy it is to prepare and apply:

**Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit* (the same Linit that is so well known for Bathing) *and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the* cleansed *face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.*

How pleasant your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to heighten the natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also helps to eliminate "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh.

Try the new Linit Beauty Mask—it may reveal a hidden beauty you never realized before. Linit is sold by all grocers.

Now! Linit is sold in 12-oz. and 36-oz. packages

Bouquets

FROM USERS OF THE LINIT BEAUTY MASK
(NAMES ON REQUEST)

"I have tried the new Linit Beauty Mask and the results of my first application were amazing. It leaves the skin so soft and lovely. I would not be without this marvelous facial mask."

"I found that after using the Mask my face was smooth and clear. I have recommended it to my friends, and as for myself, you can depend upon me to be a regular user."

"I have used the Linit Mask and find it most satisfactory. It not only cleanses, but at the same time leaves the skin smooth and refreshed."

"I am very much enthused over your Linit Beauty Mask treatment, because after the very first application I noticed a softness and a natural glow in my complexion that was most pleasant."